

McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 22

SMETHPORT'S HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES

The Class of 1912, Sixteen in Number, Has a Busy Week.

THREE VERY SUCCESSFUL EVENTS

Baccalaureate Sermon on Sunday Evening—Class Day Exercises Monday Evening—Commencement Exercises Tuesday Evening—These Events Were Much Enjoyed.

The Class of 1912 of the Smethport High School has had a very busy week as well as most successful exercises. There are sixteen in this class which is the largest number ever graduated from our schools in one year, and we wish to state that much credit is due this class, Principal Bright and the whole faculty for the excellent record made this year.

The annual sermon before the graduating class was delivered Sunday evening by the Rev. J. W. McGovern in the Methodist Episcopal church and was largely attended by the friends and relatives of the graduates. Rev. McGovern preached an excellent sermon, giving the young people much good advice for life's conduct. Special music by the choir was a pleasing feature.

Monday afternoon, the class day exercises were held in the Lyceum which was attractively decorated with wild flowers and bunting. The exercises were largely attended and the character of the productions was excellent. The president, Harold Day, made a brief speech and later cleverly introduced each speaker by a reference to his or her chief characteristic.

Miss Helen Hamilton, as salutatorian, welcomed the audience most heartily in the name of the class, after which Miss Helen McGowan, by aid of her mystic cap and gown, foretold the wonderful future which lies before the boys of the class. Miss Grace Schooner, class growler, growled very realistically over the trials and tribulations of the class. Miss Ralph White delivered an excellent oration, talking for his subject the class motto, "Omnes uno, unum omnis." The class' last will and testament was read by Miss Florence Apple, who disposed of all the property and privileges of the class in a satisfactory manner. Miss Flossie Freeman sang in her usual pleasing manner one of Mrs. North's beautiful compositions, and Miss Golda Schoonmaker showed by her drawings of the members of the class that she was pre-eminently the class artist. The class essayist, Miss Marjorie Gleason, had selected as her subject "The Life and Work of Clara Barton," and paid eloquent tribute to that noble woman. The future of the young ladies was revealed by Elvin Burlingame, after which Miss Ruth Hungerford, assisted by a most attractive little Miss Santa Claus, presented each member of the class with a suitable gift. If suitability lies in hitting each one's greatest weakness, pearls of laughter attested the correctness of her selection as each new gift was displayed. The junior class received some excellent advice and helpful suggestions from Miss Edith Ottoson, together with the historic shogel and pen which were intrusted to their keeping for a year. A gracious response was made by Miss Leona Hogarth, who portrayed the seniors from the standpoint of a junior, clearly proving that we should "see ourselves as others see us." Edwin Kohn's reputation as a poet was ably sustained by his delivery of the class poem, while Miss Christel Comes proved herself a capable and conscientious historian by her relation of the history of the last four years. An excellent piano solo was given by Miss Ellanorah Colegrove, and William Brownell, as valedictorian, spoke the farewell of the class to the various ones interested in the class as an organization.

The annual commencement and graduating exercises of the Smethport High School were held in the Lyceum, Tuesday evening, May 23, at 8:15 o'clock. The stage was decorated in the class colors, azure and white, and with wild azaleas, ferns and lilacs. The graduates, president of the Board and the speaker of the evening were seated on the stage.

The program was opened by the

singing of "Carmena" by the High School chorus, after which Rev. W. E. Van Dyke of St. Luke's church offered prayer. A double quartette composed of Misses Flossie Freeman, Ruth Hungerford, Marjorie Gleason and Norine Kidder and William Brownell, Harold Day, Edwin Bouton and Russell Chapman sang "Beautiful World" and "Santa Lucia."

Principal Stanley Bright then introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. A. B. McCormick of the Central Presbyterian church of New Castle, Pa., who delivered an eloquent and inspiring address on "Success."

The High School chorus, with Decker Simkins as soloist, sang "Paul Revere's Ride," with pleasing effect after which Dr. John Clark, president of the Board of Education, made a brief address and presented diplomas to a class of sixteen, the largest class ever graduated from the local High School. The list of graduates was as follows: Florence Ursula Apple, William Arthur Brownell, Elvin LeRoy Burlingame, Ellanorah Eunice Colegrove, Christel Comes, Harold Milton Day, Flossie Elizabeth Freeman, Marjorie Gleason, Helen Louise Hamilton, Ruth Leonora Hungerford, Edwin Rudolph Kohn, Helen McGowan, Edith Ella Ottoson, Grace Rachel Schooner, Golda May Schoonmaker and Ralph Leon White. Misses Helen Gleason and Harriet Brownell presented to each graduate as he received his diploma a beautiful bouquet of carnations, the gift of Dr. and Mrs. John Clark.

The double quartette sang "Faithful and True," after which the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. W. A. Harris of Medina, N. Y.

The class gave a dance after the exercises which was greatly enjoyed by those present.

GOOD ROADS CONVENTION.

Attend the Meeting to be Held in Bradford, Thursday, June 6.

On Thursday afternoon and evening, June 6, a Good Roads convention will be held in Bradford. The meetings are to be held in the Exchange Lyceum and everybody in this section interested in good roads is invited to be present on this occasion.

Many of the best posted men on good roads in the United States have been invited to attend and a goodly number have accepted this invitation and will address the audiences on this date.

Good roads are the crying need of this country and everybody should take a deep interest in this meeting and make it a point to lend aid by being present at this meeting. It will be interesting and instructive. It is the intention of the association to give a dinner at 6 p. m. to the speakers, the road supervisors of the county and their wives and other guests. The place of holding the dinner has not yet been definitely decided. Within the next few days a large number of circulars are to be received and it is the intention of those in charge to thoroughly cover all parts of the county, advertising the meetings.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

By Fidelity Grange on the Late Mrs. James McGowan.

Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call from our midst to "bourn from which no traveler returns" our beloved sister, Anna McGowan,

Resolved, that we deeply mourn the loss of one who had endeared herself to all by her genial, loving disposition, always cheerful, performing any duty or task assigned to her; and while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our dear sister, who has been called from her labors to rest.

Resolved, that our heartfelt sympathy be extended to the bereaved family, and commend them to Him who orders all things for the best.

Resolved, that our charter be draped for a period of sixty days, a copy of the resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and spread upon the minutes of Fidelity Grange, No. 1238.

LYDIA ABBEY,
KATE BURDICK,
ANNA STARK

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for The Miner.

DEATH OF JOHN D. DUGAN.

Father of Rev. J. F. Dugan Was 94 Years of Age.

John D. Dugan, father of Rev. J. F. Dugan, passed away at the home of his son at St. Elizabeth's parochial residence in this place at 12:15 o'clock Saturday afternoon, May 25, 1912, at the advanced age of 94 years, after an illness of one week, due to the infirmities of old age.

Mr. Dugan had been a resident of this place for the past two years and had enjoyed good health up to the time of the illness which took him away.

Mr. Dugan was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1818. He came to this country in 1842 and located in Pittsburgh. In 1849 he went to California. Upon his return from California in 1861 he was united in marriage to Miss Eliza Daugherty in Philadelphia. Subsequently he went to Erie county, Pa., and purchased a farm where the family lived until about two years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Dugan came to Smethport to live with their son.

The deceased was a devout Catholic and had always lived up to the true teachings of his creed. He was an exceptionally bright and intelligent old gentleman and during his residence here made many warm friends who hoped that he might live to pass the century mark of life.

He is survived by his aged wife, three sons, Rev. Father J. F. Dugan, of this borough; John and Edward Dugan, of Erie, and two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Klinger and Mrs. Susan Berry, both of Erie, Pa., all of whom deeply mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and father.

On Monday morning Mass was held at St. Elizabeth's church at 8:30 o'clock, after which his remains were taken to Erie on the Pennsylvania train. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Patrick's church of which congregation the deceased was the oldest member. His remains were laid at rest in Trinity cemetery at Erie.

"CUSTER'S OLD COMMAND."

Our Townsman, Henry Heilmann, Writes of This Noble Band.

Smethport, Pa., May 27, 1912
Editor of The Miner:

Would you please allow me space in your valuable columns to express my sympathy for my old comrades in General Custer's Old Command.

This is dictated by me, and written by my daughter, Adella, as I am blind and cannot see to write it myself.

Ex-Sergeant Henry Heilmann,
Of the U. S. Regulars.

On the banks of the Little Big Horn, Where the red-tinted foggy mist The faintest seventh candle, Where Custer rode to death, Where shines the shimmering heroes in that far-off Indian land, Stealing where they fell in battle, In Custer's old command.

No fence nor stonely monument Both mark the sacred spot; Poor Custer's noble heroes Seem entirely now forgot. They lie in the grassy fields In the distance beyond, But no flower nor kindly token comes To Custer's old command.

'Tis a ghastly bed they sleep in— They lie in no sacred shrine, Though the noblest place where man can sleep, Is where he falls in battle. God be with young Critchfield Who slumbers with the band That battled, bled and died with him, In Custer's old command.

'Tis the distant, dark and bloody ground The home of the Indian thief, That cut out root and tree and branch, Of the faithful "Long Haired Chief," Brave Kosh and Young Sarge With all the gallant band, Did fight up hill for country—there In Custer's old command.

Let history tell the story, Their spirits now are free! May they rise in glory, And at their grand reunion, In the peaceful spirit-land, We'll crown them with the laurel—there In Custer's old command.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

Don't forget to attend the Great Cut Price Sale at Max Schooler's, Smethport, Pa. He offers to sell his stock of goods at less than manufacturer's prices. It commences Saturday, June 1st.

Ox Roast, Clam Bake and Dance at New City, July 4th, 1912. Usual Fourth of July celebration. Music by Barry's orchestra.

Advertise in The Miner.

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BOY RUN OVER BY AUTOMOBILE

Walter Monheimer Has Narrow Escape From Being Crushed

HE WAS ABSOLUTELY UNINJURED

Boy Was Riding Bicycle Down Main Street and Run in Front of J. E. Wingert's Car—Automobile Passed Directly Over Him—Accident Happened Friday Night.

Walter, the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Monheimer had a very narrow escape from a terrible death last Friday night. As it was he was run over by an automobile and he escaped without any injury whatever, except a few slight scratches which did not as much as draw blood.

Walter and his sister, Bertie, were riding bicycles down Main street at about 9:45 in the evening, the little girl being ahead, with the little boy perhaps fifteen yards behind. As they were crossing Fulton street an automobile that was coming up Main street turned to go down Fulton street to the Backus Novelty garage. Bertie passed some distance ahead of the motor car and Walter tried to follow, but was too late and he ran his wheel directly in front of the car which luckily was running very slowly. When Walter had got in front of the car he seemed to lose control of his faculties and almost stopped.

The writer, who was standing in front of Monheimer's store, saw the automobile strike the bicycle and boy, and immediately following there was a grating and grinding of the crushed bicycle and the brakes of the automobile, which came to a stop in a little more than its length. We hurried to the spot and found Walter lying between the rear wheels of the automobile and badly tangled up in his wheel. And when we picked him up we expected to find him seriously if not fatally injured, and even when the little fellow asked us to let him down, that he was not hurt, we could not believe it and carried him to the light from a store window and gave him a hurried examination, when we were very happily surprised to see that there was not even a mark to be seen on him. Later, however, it was found that he had very slight bruises on his forehead and the side of his head and there was a slight abrasion on his left arm, but not sufficient to draw blood.

John E. Wingert, of Norwich, the owner of the car, was driving it and as soon as he could stop he got out and made inquiries about the boy and assisted in getting the bicycle from under the car. Both wheels of the bicycle were badly smashed where the wheels of the automobile had passed over it.

Walter, when he was struck, evidently fell directly in front of the car and the wheels passed each side of him, he lying flat enough to escape being bumped by the under gearings of the machine.

And what makes his escape more miraculous is the fact that the car was on a curve which reduced the space between the wheels considerably. The next morning when Walter was dressing he found that one of his great toes was sore and deep purple, evidently being due to one of the automobile wheels passing over it, which shows the narrow margin of his escape from at least a crushed foot. Had one of the wheels of the automobile passed over his head or body he probably would have been instantly killed.

I. O. O. F. BAND CONCERT.

Turn Out and Hear the Concert This Evening.

The following is the program for the I. O. O. F. band concert to be held on Main street this evening:

Washington State (March) Young, Iron Clad (March) Brown, Poet and Peasant (Overture) Suppe, Come Kiss the Blarney Stone Mary Darling (Intermezzo) Spencer, Spring Maid (Concert Waltz) Rheinhardt.

Happy Go Lucky (March) Lampe, Oh, You Beautiful Doll (March) Two-Step) Ayer & Moret.

Northern Lights (Overture) Waldt, National Emblem (March) Bagley, Nihilengen (March) Wagner, Dixie and Star Spangled Banner.

NEAL MCFARLAND SUICIDES.

His Wife Took Away His Whiskey and He Took Carbolic Acid.

Monday's Bradford Era says: Neal McFarland, a farmer, 34 years old, committed suicide at his home near Duke Center, early Sunday morning by swallowing a quantity of carbolic acid.

McFarland lived on the Lovejoy farm on the road to Prenticeville. Saturday evening when "Uncle Billy," a farm hand, went to Duke Center, McFarland asked him to bring back a pint of whiskey. "Uncle Billy" returned with the liquor and went to bed. About midnight McFarland undertook to drink some of the whiskey and his wife, it is alleged, stopped him, informing him that he should not take the liquor. McFarland was displeased and told his wife that if he could not have the whiskey, he knew what he could drink. Walking into the pantry McFarland took down from a shelf a bottle of carbolic acid and swallowed half of the contents. He turned and walked into the sitting room where his wife was, before he dropped.

Dr. Snyder was summoned, but the man was dead long before the physician reached the house. Mrs. McFarland claims that her husband was dead in eight minutes.

Coroner Sherman was notified of the suicide and drove to Duke Center on Sunday morning and made some inquiries. It was learned that the couple had not been married long.

When Mr. Lovejoy, who was well along in years, died, he left a young widow. He also left the farm and considerable cash to the widow. At that time McFarland was a hired man for Lovejoy. The aged man had not been dead long before McFarland commenced to pay attention to the widow and it was not long afterwards until the couple were married. In the meantime Mrs. Lovejoy had rented a farm and spent considerable time in visiting.

After the marriage to McFarland the couple settled on the farm and were living happily together. It is reported that McFarland drank considerably, against the wishes of his wife.

GO TO "THE DEVIL."

"The Devil" Will Surely Be at the Lyceum Friday Night.

On next Friday night, May 31, at the Smethport Lyceum, will positively take place that much talked of performance of that sensational play, "The Devil," with Edward Waldmann, the eminent actor in the title role. Dr. Miller, (The Devil), supported by his own company. When "The Devil" was produced in New York it was the sensational surprise of the theatrical season.

Edward Waldmann, the noted German-English actor, produced this thrilling Hungarian play and starred in the title role last season. The play sprung into extraordinary popularity in the leading cities of the world. "The Devil" is a singular piece of symbolism, in the most modern and realistic garb. His most Imperial Highness, appears as a highly polished gentleman whose cynical smile and worldly philosophy might pass in a drawing room, yet he is as truly the incarnation of evil as his operatic cousin, Mephisto. He plays with human souls as if they were toys in the game of life.

Mr. Waldmann, who is an actor of note, has scored a big success in all the big cities of the East, as well as in New York, in "The Devil."

Saturday, June 1, Mr. Waldmann and his company may be seen in Stevenson's thrilling play, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

THE NEW CRESSON.

Big State Tuberculosis Sanatorium Being Erected.

The new Cresson State Tuberculosis sanatorium now in course of construction, will probably be turned over to the State late in the summer and it is expected that everything will be in readiness to receive patients about the middle of September.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of Health, made an inspection last week of the buildings already erected and expressed himself as well pleased with the progress which has been made. This new institution is expected to duplicate the excellent results which have been obtained at the State South Mountain sanatorium at Mont Alto.

The main structures include an ad-

ministration, dining room and ward buildings. The cottages for which this contract has just been let, will bring the capacity of the sanatorium up to three hundred and twenty beds. This eventually will be increased by the construction of additional ward buildings. Provision has been made in the plans for three more of these. When they are completed the bed capacity at Cresson will be practically the same as that of Mont Alto, one thousand.

Architecturally, the buildings are handsome in design although no utilitarian feature has been neglected. The English half timber effect chosen gives an opportunity for the use of the beautiful reddish brown building stone which abounds on the State property. This, in connection with the asbestos roofing and panelling comprises a most attractive color scheme. The buildings are so located that each and every part obtains the maximum amount of sunlight and air.

The altitude of Cresson is 2550 feet which will make it the highest inhabited point in the State. This elevation and distance from the railroad and factories insures the purity of the air which is so essential to the satisfactory treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis.

The tract of land on which the sanatorium stands comprises five hundred acres which was donated to the State for this purpose by Andrew Carnegie. One-third of this tract is covered with a magnificent hardwood forest of oak, hemlock and spruce, which affords an excellent protection for the buildings on the north and northwest. On the south and east bounds, the land falling away, affords a magnificent view of the adjoining country. It is said that seven counties can be seen from this point.

The ground was originally purchased by Mr. Carnegie for a country seat, and on the very point which he had chosen for the erection of his castle, Dr. Dixon has located the State's new home for its poor consumptives.

POMONA GRANGE.

Meeting Held at Farmers Valley on Wednesday of Next Week.

The McKean County Pomona Grange will meet at Farmers Valley, June 5th, and the following program will be carried out:

11:00 a. m.—Business meeting.
12:00—Dinner.
1:30 p. m.—Business Session.
2:00—Open meeting.
Song, Grange Melodies, No. 22.
Address of Welcome, Frank Hackel, Master of Valley Grange.
Response, O. D. Nourse.
Solo, Miss Rae Simar.
Discussion, "What Causes the High Cost of Living, not of Agricultural Products alone, but Generally?" opened by G. B. Mays.
Recitation, Mrs. O. W. Abbey.
Solo, T. S. Caswell.
Discussion, "How Can a Farmer Most Wisely Supplement a Short Hay Crop?" opened by G. F. Bayer.
Solo, Mrs. B. L. Irons.
Discussion, "Does it Require More Brain to Earn a Dollar Than to Save it?" opened by W. D. Beckwith.
Violin solo, Dan Breese.
3:30—Woman's Hour.
Select reading, "What is Worth While."

Discussion, "What Opportunities Does Country Life Offer to Ambitious Young People?" opened by Mrs. Ellen Place.

Solo, Mrs. J. C. Goding.
Question Box.
Vocal duet, Mrs. Mary D. Howden and James Bray.
7:00—Open in Fifth Degree.
Business Session.
Conferring the Degree of Pomona.
3:30—Open Meeting.
Literary program—Valley Grange.
Recitation, Miss Beatrice Orlatt.
Song, Four girls.
Dialogue, Obstnacy.
Vocal duet, Mrs. Edith Mosler and James Bray.
Recitation, James Oliver.
Newspaper, H. D. Otto.
Recitation, Miss Laura Otto.
Witchville, Seven girls.
Song, Good Night.

NOTICE TO FIREMEN.

All firemen are requested to report at the hose house at 1:30 p. m., May 30th, in full uniform, to take part in Memorial Day services.

By Order,
THE PRESIDENT.

GIRL WANTED.

Good dining room girl. Apply at Hotel Hazel, Hazlehurst, Pa.

MARCIA'S PENITENCE

By JANE OSBORN

(Copyright, 1921, by Associated Literary Press)

"It's a dream," Marcia Newbury stood before the soft, clinging white frock she had just taken from the dressmaker's box. "But my old slippers will never do. Let me see; it's Thursday, and my next month's allowance comes in five—no, in six—days."

Marcia went to her desk, opened her purse, and did some figuring. "I've got six—ninety—seven. That will leave almost two dollars for carfare, and church, and odds and ends. If I pay five dollars for a pair of slippers, I'll do it. There are some beauties at Jo—"

She was interrupted by the knock of the maid.

"A gentleman, Miss Marcia, for your father. I said he was out of town, so the gentleman said you'd do. His name's Brown."

Marcia went downstairs picturing herself floating about at Mrs. Brown Jenks's dance that evening in a filmy white gown and dainty white slippers.

"Good morning, Miss Newbury," said a good-looking, middle-aged man, coming toward Marcia with outstretched hand, as she entered the room. "I'm Mr. Brown, of New York, an old friend of your father's."

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," said Marcia, shaking hands with the stranger. "I'm sure father will be very sorry to miss you. I expect him home this afternoon—on the four-fifty-six from New York."

"Well, well," said Mr. Brown. "Just my luck. I've got to take the four-fifty-six back to New York to keep an appointment."

"My father will be sorry," repeated Marcia.

"Well, so am I," replied the man easily. "But to get right down to the bottom of the matter, Miss Marcia—I'm in a fix. I depended on your father to help me out—"

Marcia looked up with real concern.

"Could I—is it anything I could do?" she ventured.

"I hardly like to ask you," said the man. "You see, I expected to find a



money order awaiting me here. And it hasn't come."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"And to be frank," admitted the man, "I was going to ask your father to lend me enough to get back to New York."

The vision of the new slippers danced before Marcia's eyes. Following them two rather worn black slippers hurried along.

"Would you let me?" suggested Marcia impulsively. "I haven't much cash about—but if five dollars would help—"

A few minutes later Mr. Brown of New York left Judge Newbury's house with Marcia's five dollars, promising to send it back the minute he reached New York. A few minutes afterward Marcia started downtown to buy a package of shoe polish and ribbon enough for new bows on the old slippers. On her way home she met Mrs. Benson Jenks.

"Marcia," said Mrs. Jenks, "I had the funniest experience this morning. You know Benson's away from home. A man—a Mr. Brown of New York—an old friend of Benson's, he said—came to his house and I lent him five dollars. He was just strapped and hadn't enough to buy a ticket home. But, you know, Marcia, I think he was a cheat. I don't know why, but—"

Marcia gasped. "Mr. Brown of New York—five dollars? Why, the fraud came to our house, and I did the same thing!"

When Marcia got home she found a young man pacing back and forth. He stopped as she came up the steps.

"Miss Newbury?" he queried. "I'm Shipley—Peter Shipley, of Boston, and an old friend of Judge Newbury's," he explained.

Marcia eyed him shyly. "Oh, are you?" she questioned, her back against the door.

"The maid says the judge is away," said the man nervously.

"Well," said Marcia, looking at him out of steady eyes.

"Well, with difficulty, you see, I'm in a hole. I'm strapped. I haven't any money—and I was going to ask the judge—"

Marcia laughed cynically. "Really were you?" she said.

The young man reddened. "It is a queer fix. The judge is the only person I know in this town. I've been away and thought I'd stop to see him on my way home. So I telegraphed my partner to forward a money order to me here. It hasn't come. I've got to catch the 12:03 for Boston to keep an important business engagement, and I have only a quarter."

By this time Marcia was in the hall, holding the door half shut. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Brown, or Shipley, or whatever else your name is. But I positively don't see how you dare talk in this way," she said, and slammed the door.

"Father," said Marcia that evening at dinner—she was wearing the new frock and the old slippers—"a Mr. Brown of New York, an old friend of yours—was here this morning and I let him have five dollars."

She watched her father. She knew the joke was on her.

"Brown? Of New York? I don't remember any such man. Still, it's not an uncommon name."

"Of course you don't," laughed Marcia. She told the story in detail, and told of Mrs. Jenks's experience.

The judge laughed heartily. He always called Marcia soft-hearted.

"Never mind the five dollars, dear," he consoled her. "Take it out of the housekeeping accounts and give us rice pudding for dessert until it's paid back."

"But father," said Marcia, ready now to explain herself, "did you ever know a Mr. Shipley of Boston—Peter Shipley?"

"Peter Shipley? I should say so. One of the finest young men in the world. Proctor—the Boston lawyer—has just taken him in as junior partner. What about Shipley, daughter?"

It was a somewhat crestfallen Marcia that appeared at Mrs. Benson Jenks's dance that evening. She had foregone a pair of new slippers; she had been foolish enough to let a cheat impose on her; and, worst of all, she had failed in hospitality and courtesy.

"Although," she consoled herself, "I really didn't have any money left for the second borrower."

"Oh, Marcia," exclaimed Mrs. Jenks when Marcia went into the drawing room; "I've such a delightful surprise for you. Just before dinner—I had to rush downtown again for something I'd forgotten—I met an old friend of mine from Boston, Peter Shipley, wandering up and down in front of the post office. He said he was expecting an important letter that hadn't come yet. And, as he hadn't planned which hotel to go to, I persuaded him to come here. You see, he's an old friend of your father and he is crazy, for some reason, to meet you. He's awfully nice, Marcia. Do be good to him."

Mrs. Jenks continued oblivious to Marcia's gasp of surprise and flush of embarrassment; and just then Peter Shipley, very good looking in an out-of-date evening suit borrowed from his host, and with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, came up, was introduced to Marcia, and claimed her for the first dance.

"It's the least you can do," he laughed as he led her away.

"I'll do anything you want me to do, really, Mr. Shipley, to convince you that I am penitent."

A few months later, when Peter Shipley paid one of several visits to Judge Newbury's home, he reminded Marcia of her words at Mrs. Jenks's dance.

"I'll never be convinced that you are really penitent for the way you treated me on that first day, Marcia, less you will stand by your word and do anything I want you to do. I want you to marry me, Marcia."

And Marcia stood by her word.

The Pope's Triple Crown.

The tiara, or triple crown of the Pope, was originally a plain high cap, much like those in which the Doges of Venice are so often represented in old pictures and medals. It was first introduced by Pope Nicholas I. in 860.

It is doubtful when the first coronet was added, but the second was placed by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1295 and the third by Pope Urban V. about 1365.

It has been held that the three crowns refer to the Holy Trinity, though that evidently could not have been the original idea or they would not have been added one after the other, with an intervening interval in each case of many years.

Others affirm that they denote the threefold royalty of the Bishop of Rome, one being the symbol of the temporal power over the Roman states; another, the spiritual, exercised over the souls of men; and the third the authority over all the kings and potentates of Christendom.

Muffled Knock.

"Rivers, you've been doing some good work in your department of the paper—lately."

"Sure, Mrs. Flickinger, we'll be glad to come out and spend a day with you some time. I know we'll enjoy the ride there and back, anyway."

"How much you resemble your excellent father, Hosselkus! Your nose is a trifle on one side, and your legs are curved just as his were."

"Barber, your wife must be a splendid cook; I can tell that you have been eating some mighty fine onions."

"We are willing to accept this furor, your honor. He seems to know nothing about this case."

Misrepresentation.

"You've spoiled the sale of my new novel!"

"What's the matter?"

"You reviewed it under the heading 'Recent Books,' and the printer made it read 'Decent Books.' Instead—"

Judge.

THE DAMAGED ARTICLE

By ANNIE HINRICHSSEN

(Copyright, 1921, by Associated Literary Press)

A donkey, drawing a small cart, strolled leisurely along the road. It was a winding road, which led up a long hill and lost itself on the high cliffs above the lake. The donkey followed the road to the cliffs and as his driver left his destination to his own wishes he turned into a fork that ended at a cabin built on the edge of a bluff. Here he stopped, planted his feet wide apart and refused to retract his journey.

Miss Neale stepped from the cart and tried to turn him. Billy stood. From behind the cabin rolled a tiny bear cub. Billy, with one jump, leaped Miss Neale's hold on the bridge, turned and galloped down the road.

"My bear is harmless." A young man came from the cabin. "I am sorry your donkey has been frightened."

Mildred Neale's eyes opened wide. Well-groomed young men in tailored clothes did not inhabit the cliff cabins.

The young man looked after the departing Billy. "Is your home far from here?"

"Six miles."

"Will you let me take you there in my car?"

"A car in this region?"

"I brought a lot of my junk, including my car, with me when I moved here," the man explained. "Since my bear—I found him in the woods the other day—has chased away your steed, you will surely let me provide you with another conveyance."

"You do not belong in this part of the world do you?" he asked as the car glided away from the cliffs.

"I live at the Willow Branch farm. You know the place?"

"A model, up-to-date little farm. I have often passed it."

"I own and manage it. I am a woman agriculturist." Her brown eyes met his frankly without the wavering of self-consciousness. Her voice was devoid of the accent of the locality.

"Have you always lived at Willow Branch farm?" he asked.

"No. The place was my refuge after my father's death. When his estate was settled this farm, which I had



never seen, was all that was left for me. I came here to try for my fortune as a lady farmer. And you? Why are you living on the bluff?"

He turned abruptly from her, gripped the steering wheel and shot the car suddenly forward. When he spoke again he had apparently forgotten her question.

Nearly every day the big car came from the cliff above the lake to Willow Branch farm. Even Billy, who at first acquaintance had feared it as greatly as he had the bear, recognized it as a familiar friend.

"No man," the cliff dweller announced, "has a right to bind a woman unless he can come to her as a whole man, sound in body and in reputation. The greater his love the less willing should he be to give her less than she gives him."

As Barnard spoke Mildred watched his face. On his forehead and around his eyes and lips were lines of mental pain.

"But suppose," she suggested, "that the woman cares for him?"

"He should not allow her to," he answered curtly. "He should go away—as I intend to."

"Are you going away?"

"I must. It is the only decent thing I can do. You know I love you, Mildred. But you don't know—you don't know why I must not ask you to love me."

He hurried out of the room.

A few hours later Billy trotted into the yard of the cliff dweller's cabin. He had come very fast. His driver jumped from the cart before it stopped and hurried toward the house. Barnard came to meet her.

"It is not true," her face was white and her lips were quivering, but her voice was firm. "I do not believe a word of it. You could not have done it."

"Done what?"

She opened a newspaper she carried. It was the magazine section of a Sunday edition filled with stories of people famous and infamous. On the front page was a large picture of

one dweller. Beneath it were great black letters. "Remarkable Disappearance of Darling Embroider. Man Who Wrecked Garden Bank Still at Liberty. No Clue." Several columns descriptive of the gentlemanly manufacturer and his crimes followed.

The cliff dweller read the story. "So you don't believe I did it?" he asked.

"I know you did not."

"Why do you know it?"

"Because I know absolutely that you are good and honorable and true. I know it by the look in your eyes and the set of your chin and by the intuition which is given to a woman to show her the difference between truth and dishonesty. I understand now why you would not ask me to care for you. You thought your wrecked reputation made you a man unfit for a woman to love. But you are not a bank wrecker, and I care for you even if you will not ask me to."

"Will you go back into the world with me if I give myself up and stand by me while I try to prove my innocence?"

"Yes."

He turned a page of the paper. The second page contained a picture of a man weak of chin and crafty of eye. Beneath it in large letters were the words, "John Morley Barnard, Young Millionaire Seeks Health in Lonely Cabin on Lake Shore. Well Known Capitalist Lives in Retirement with an Automobile and a Pet Bear."

There were several columns describing the young man's brilliant business career, his nervous breakdown, his cabin and his bear.

Mildred glanced through the story. "And that is you?" I looked at the first page and then came as fast as Billy would bring me to tell you I believed in you."

"The compositor of the paper in making up the edition transposed the two pictures and put my picture in the embroider's story and his picture in mine."

"Then if you are not a fugitive from justice why did you wish me not to care for you?"

"I am a nervous wreck. You are strong and beautiful and young. You are making a success of the work you were brave enough to undertake. You have made for yourself a full and happy life. To tie you to an invalid would be a crime. A sick man is a miserable object. At only for pity. I detest pity. I did not tell you anything about my illness because I did not want you to pity me. And I could not ask you to marry an invalid. I love you too well to place you at the mercy of a sick man's temper. But, when I am well again I'll come back to you if you will let me—"

"You poor damaged article," she laughed with happy mockery. "You are to be well and strong again with my help. You have asked me if I would stand by you while you tried to prove your innocence and I said yes. You won't let me now, will you?"

SEA AS A NUTRIENT FLUID

English Naturalist. Convinced That Value of Ocean's Water Has Not Been Understood.

Dr. W. J. Dakin brought forward at the British association some interesting corroborations of Putter's theory that sea or fresh water is more or less a nutrient fluid, there being more organic carbon present in solution in the water than there is in the multitudinous plankton that swarms there.

Dr. Dakin has tried to estimate the amount of carbon and oxygen required by certain aquatic animals per day to cover the loss due to metabolism. On the basis of this estimate, which is probably very approximate, a sponge 50 grammes in weight would require to filter several thousand times its own volume of water per hour in order to obtain sufficient food.

"an altogether unthinkable piece of work." A big jelly fish would require over seven millions of nauplius larvae per day. "It is quite impossible for such large quantities to be caught, and equally strange that remains of the creatures are so rarely found if they have been captured as food."

Another striking fact, or result of calculations at all events, is that the "producers" (the plant-plankton) are insufficient for the "consumers" (the animal plankton). High alpine lakes, for instance, in which there is an outstanding production of animal plankton, are almost deserts as far as plant-plankton is concerned. What do these alpine crustaceans and molluscs feed on? Putter's theory is the only solution of the riddle. We come to the idea that the water in lake and sea is food as well as drink. There is bread in the waters—according to the ingenious showing of Dr. Dakin.

One on the Teacher.

"Willie you may correct the sentence 'Where was I at?'"

"I don't see anything wrong with it, ma'am."

"You do not?"

"No, ma'am; it's correct sometimes, anyway."

"Will you give me an instance in which it is used correctly?"

"Yes, ma'am. 'Where was I at three o'clock yesterday afternoon?'"

Misplaced.

"Fred queried himself with Mayme when he tried to pay her a compliment on her hands, of whose smallness she is very proud."

"What did he say?"

"She led the conversation adroitly as usual to the subject of little hands, and he said that hers were simply adorable."

Encouraging.

"Bliggins' friendship seems to flatter you."

"It doesn't flatter me," said the cynical statesman, "but it encourages me. He is one of those people who never trouble themselves to be affable except to those who are regarded as liable to have some pull."

LORD RUSSELL'S BLUNDER

Manchester Cabman Refused to Stand for the Ill Nature of the Famous Judge.

The bluntness and impetuosity of Lord Russell of Killowen often caused him to do and say things for which he was afterwards genuinely sorry, and sometimes led him to get quite unexpectedly, a Roland for his Oliver. This happened on one occasion in Manchester.

He and a junior started for an appointment one afternoon when Russell was in a very disagreeable mood. Things had not been going well during the day. The cabman was a big, powerful, athletic-looking fellow. On approaching the cab, Russell, as was his wont, closely scanned the horse and the man. "Why," said he, "a big, powerful fellow like you ought not to be driving a cab; you ought to be doing something else."

"What the deuce is it to you?" said the cabman, "what I do? Get into the cab, and mind your own business."

Russell, Barry O'Brien tells us, in his "Life" of the famous judge, read little. He was too much a man of action to be a man of books, but wherever he went he always carried two books in his bag—Locke's "On the Human Understanding" and the "Imitation of Christ." He liked novels of excitement: "Monte Cristo" was a special favorite. He read Gaboriau's books, dipped into Tolstol and Tourgueniev, and once, when he was ill at Leeds, he got his chief clerk, Mr. Block, to read the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" to him. But Russell made a bad blunder through lack of literary knowledge. On one occasion, when he was introduced to Mr. Stanley Weyman, he wished to be civil to that distinguished author, so he said: "My young people, Mr. Weyman, speak constantly of your books, and tell me I ought to read them. I have read your 'Priest of Zenda' with much pleasure."

"Oh! That's the other man," said Stanley Weyman.

Ships That Made History.

It is surely the very irony of circumstance which couples the names of the Alabama and the Kearsarge among the twelve American battleships which the secretary of the navy has reported to congress as no longer to be regarded as available for the first line of battle, and necessary to be replaced by 1920. Not far short of half a century has passed since that famous Sunday morning in June—almost as famous in its assistance to the making of history as another June Sunday of close upon half a century before which witnessed Waterloo—when the Federal war steamer Kearsarge fought and sank the Confederate cruiser Alabama in the roads off Cherbourg. The thrilling story of the fight was in all men's mouths for years afterward; and the Alabama, though under the waves, proved as perilous a craft for this country for long subsequently as she had done, when afloat, to the northern states. The only good that resulted from her existence, indeed, was to afford the first effective chance of proving the value of international arbitration.—Westminster Gazette.

Heavy Grief.

As a specimen of heavy grief we have seen nothing more heart-rending than the following obituary notice, published in a German paper:

"Today red, tomorrow dead. So it was with my wife, who only seven days ago was springing over bench and table, and was buried yesterday. During her life she was a live woman, who did not easily mistake an X for a U. For that reason everybody can tell the extent of my sorrow; so young and so merry, and now buried. What is human life? I have said to myself repeatedly within the past few days, and also yesterday in the church yard when I paid the sexton, who will also keep the grave mound in order. So cheerful a wife I shall certainly never, never find again, and therefore, my sorrow is a righteous one. I wish that heaven preserve any man from a similar sad fate, and thank for the flowers, as well as the Herr Cantor, the music master of the choir, for the grave hymn, which went through and through me, but was very well sung.—Ackerman, Master-Locksmithe.—From the Narrator."

Her Rule With Husbands.

Miss Kate Riverton Dyles, one of the suffragist leaders of Colorado, said at a recent suffragist dinner in Criggle Creek:

"Opponents of woman's suffrage would have you believe that a vote turns a woman into a monster. Yet, when a young man, arriving at the age of twenty-one, gets the vote, does he, or does he not, become a monster?"

"But to hear the anti-suffragists talk you'd think that every voting woman was like that lady, rich in her own right, to whom her husband said: 'My suspicions are at last confirmed. We part forever from this moment.'"

"But the guilty lady retorted haughtily: 'Not at all, sir. Not at all. It's my invariable rule to require a month's notice from every husband.'"

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sherridan Gorton, ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

GALLUP & SAATTEK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Offices over Hamilton's bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt and careful attention. Smethport, Pa.

E. H. MAYO & SON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Offices over Grange Bank Building, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, Smethport, Pa.

Thomas H. Morrison, ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt and careful attention. Smethport, Pa.

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H. L. McCoy, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in S. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D., C. M., Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office at Residence at corner of King and Washington streets. Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M., Office hours—9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

J. V. McALPIN, Dentist. Hours: 8:30 to 12 and 1:30 to 5. Odd Fellows' Building. SMETHPORT, PA.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop. E. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hotel is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables are supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL, JAMES MCGUIRE, Prop. Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurbished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE, T. H. PURTLE, Prop. 125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repaired and furnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. J. Vanblad, Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING and BLACKSMITHING in a satisfactory manner.

INSURANCE! Life, Fire & Accident

—WRITTEN BY— W. F. SPECHT, Smethport, Pa.

In good reliable companies

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts. Clams, Cigars

THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
TERMS—\$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, \$1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of \$100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Remotors and administrators' notices, \$2.50 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.
Smethport, Thursday, May 30, 1912.

Governor Mann of Virginia has received a Black Hand letter, postmarked Brooklyn, N. Y., stating that if he does not pardon Floyd Allen, who is under sentence of death for his part in the Hillsville tragedy, they will kill him if it takes ten years. He treats the letter as a joke.

The steam roller split the state Republican convention on Tuesday and Roosevelt and Taft forces held separate conventions. Each elected eight delegates at large to the national convention, thus giving the national committee another contest to decide. Roosevelt, however, is certain of nearly all of the thirty-two district delegates as a result of the primary. Just before Chairman Cecil Lyon called the convention to order at the Savoy Theatre, the Taft men, headed by a brass band, marched past the theatre to Byars opera house where they met. The seating of 176 delegates by Colonel Lyon without first having passed upon by the executive committee caused the split. H. F. MacGregor of Houston led the Taft forces. The rival meetings were enlivened by emphatic condemnations of the other side. The Taft men scored both "Colonels" as demagogues and the Roosevelt party scored the Taft people for quitting because they realized they had no chance to win by fair or foul means.

Col. Roosevelt was an easy winner in New Jersey on Tuesday. He has 22 of the 28 delegates sure and may have the whole 28 when the whole vote is known. The polls were opened at 1 p. m. and closed at 9 p. m., and about 50 per cent. of the Republican vote was cast. President Taft appeared to make the best showing in the farming districts, but the victories of Colonel Roosevelt ranged from 2 to 1, 10 to 4, while the claimed majorities of Mr. Taft are very small. The LaFollette vote all over the state was very small.

On the Democratic side only one-third of the registered vote was cast, and the interest was very much less keen than in the Republican contest, because Governor Woodrow Wilson was unopposed by any other candidate for the nomination. As voters had no way of signifying their preference for any candidate except Governor Wilson, he seems to have polled, outside of Essex county, a large majority of the Democratic votes cast. The six delegates from Essex county will vote against Governor Wilson in the Democratic national convention. There will be no unit rule. It is probable that Governor Wilson will have the other 22 votes.

THE DIOCESE OF ERIE.

Interesting History in New Catholic Encyclopedia.

A most complete and interesting history of the Diocese of Erie is now published in the new Catholic Encyclopedia, and a mass of new information is contained in the following excerpts from the article:

"The Diocese of Erie was established in 1853; it embraces the thirteen counties of northwestern Pennsylvania: Erie, Crawford, Warren, McKean, Potter, Mercer, Venango, Forest, Elk, Cameron, Clarion, Jefferson and Clearfield, an area of 10,027 square miles.

"This territory enjoys the distinction of having been under three different national and ecclesiastical governments; under the French flag and the Sé of Quebec from 1753 to 1758; under the English flag and Vicariate Apostolic of London from 1758 to the Treaty of Paris, Sept. 3, 1763, and the erection of the Sé of Baltimore in 1789; under the American flag since the treaty of Paris and a part of the Sé of Baltimore until the establishment of the Diocese of Philadelphia in 1805. In August, 1843, when the Diocese of Pittsburgh was formed, it included all that part of the State of Pennsylvania west of a line running along the eastern border of Bedford, Huntington, Clearfield, Elk, McKean and Potter counties, and consequently, the territory of the present Diocese of Erie.

"In 1853 the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, the first Bishop of Pittsburgh, petitioned the Holy See, through the Fifth Provincial Council of Baltimore, for a division of his diocese, and took for himself the poorest half, and thus became the first Bishop of Erie. When Bishop O'Connor assumed the government of the diocese, July 29, 1853, there were only twenty-eight churches with eleven secular priests and three Benedictine Fathers to attend to the wants of the Catholics scattered

throughout the thirteen counties. At the urgent request and petition of the private and the people of Pittsburgh, Bishop O'Connor was restored to them, having governed the Erie Diocese for the short period of seven months.

"His successor at Erie was the Rev. Josue Moody Young, a member of an old Puritan, New England family, born Oct. 29, 1808, at Shapleigh, Me. He became a convert from Congregationalism and was baptized in October, 1828, by the famous New England missionary, Father D. French, O. P., when he then changed the Moody of his name to Maria. He was ordained priest April 1, 1838, and consecrated second Bishop of Erie, in Cincinnati, by Archbishop Purcell, April 23, 1854. The outlook of his accession was gloomy. Many of the priests were affiliated with Pittsburgh before the division, and returned there with Bishop O'Connor. Among those who cast their lot with the new diocese the most noteworthy were the Very Rev. John D. Coady, Revs. Anthony Beck, Joseph Hartman, M. A. De La Roque, John Berbegier, Andrew Skoper, Kieran O'Branigan, and also Messrs. John Koch and Thomas Lonnergan, at that time studying for the priesthood. There were but two churches in Erie city, St. Patrick's, the pro-cathedral, and St. Mary's, built for a German congregation by Rev. Joseph Hartman.

"Outside the city there were twenty-eight churches with eleven secular priests and three Benedictines for a Catholic population of 12,000. The church buildings outside the city of Erie were mostly wooden structures. There was only one Catholic school. The discovery of petroleum on Oil Creek, Aug. 28, 1859, gave a great impetus to both secular and religious progress throughout the diocese. To accommodate the settlers that located in the valleys of Oil Creek and the Allegheny river, where towns sprang up as if by magic, churches were hastily erected, but the number of priests was still inadequate. As there were no railroads, Bishop Young's labors were in the beginning very heavy. He died suddenly Sept. 18, 1866. At his death the Catholic population had more than doubled, and several new churches and schools had sprung into existence.

"The vicar-general, Very Rev. John D. Coady, governed the diocese during interregnum until the third bishop, the Rev. Tobias Mullen, was consecrated Aug. 2, 1869. He was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, March 4, 1818, and was ordained priest at Pittsburgh, Sept. 1, 1844, having gone there with Bishop O'Connor from Maynooth the previous year as a volunteer for the American mission. Under his direction, a new era began, priests were ordained, new parishes sprang up, churches and schools were built, regular conferences for the clergy were held. Religious orders were introduced and new institutions arose for the maintenance and spread of religion, and for the enlightenment, comfort, and shelter of suffering humanity. The frame churches gave place to brick and stone structures. The bishop himself was a tireless worker and infused his own spirit into his priests. A Catholic weekly, the "Lake Shore Visitor," was issued, edited mostly by the bishop himself, in the midst of labors that called him to every part of his extensive diocese.

"The Poles, the Slavs, the Hungarians and the Italians had churches and priests provided for them, the orphans had a large, new home, the sick were provided with two large hospitals, and finally his crowning work, St. Peter's cathedral, was finished, clear of debt, and consecrated in 1893, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. In the following year he celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. His strong, active mind began to fail and on May 19, 1897, he suffered a paralytic stroke and a coadjutor, the Rev. E. Fitz Maurice, president of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia, was chosen by the Holy See and consecrated the Bishop of Erie, with right of succession, in Philadelphia, Feb. 24, 1898. Bishop Mullen resigned, Aug. 10, 1890. Bishop Fitz Maurice succeeded him as fourth bishop of the diocese, on Sept. 19, 1899, and the good work inaugurated under the late bishop went on quietly and steadily. He was born at Newtown-Sandess, County Kerry, Ireland, Jan. 3, 1840, and ordained priest in Philadelphia, Dec. 21, 1862. After officiating in several parishes he was appointed rector of the diocesan seminary, 1888.

"The religious orders in the diocese are the Benedictines, the Redemptorists, the Brothers of Mary, the Benedictine Nuns, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of Mercy, and the Felician Sisters. At one time the Franciscans, the Bridgettines, and the Sisters of the Humility of Mary had houses in the diocese. The Benedictines settled at St. Marys, Elk county, under Bishop O'Connor and in 1858 took charge of St. Marys, Erie. The Redemptorists in 1875 began their foundation, purchasing a Presbyterian college, at Northeast—which they made a seminary and college for young men who intended to join their order. They have 142 students.

"The Sisters of St. Joseph entered the diocese in 1860, and have charge of the orphan asylum, the Academy of Villa Maria, the mother-house in the diocese, and of fifteen parochial schools. The Sisters of Mercy who entered the diocese Sept. 1, 1870, besides the academy in Erie, have charge of eight parochial schools. The Sisters of St. Benedict (St. Marys, Pa., July 22, 1852) have St. Benedict academy, the mother house at St. Marys and teach 7 schools. The (Erie) Sisters of St. Benedict, besides the academy and school of St. Mary's church, teach five parochial schools, and also conduct an academy at Sharon. The Felician Sisters teach St. Stanislaus' Polish school in the city of Erie.

"There are in the diocese 100 churches with resident priests, 48 missions with churches, and 11 chapels; 160 priests—135 secular, 25 regular; 45 parochial schools, 3 academies for young ladies, 1 orphan asylum with 216 orphans, making a total of young people under the care of the church, 10,385; 2 hospitals and 1 home for the aged. The Catholic population of the diocese is estimated at 121,108.

CHESTNUT BLIGHT.

It is Working Havoc With the Trees in This State.

The chestnut tree bark disease has fully confirmed the unfavorable opinion regarding its destructiveness created at the beginning of its appearance in Pennsylvania, by reason of its gradual but certain spread over a large section of the Keystone state. There are counties in southeastern Pennsylvania in which fully 75 per cent. of the native chestnut is infected. Approaching the central and western counties, the percentage dwindles to a very small figure, only an occasional tree, here and there, being found diseased. It is in such sections that the most successful work towards its control and eradication can be done. It is at points where the infected trees are but very few in number and far apart that special efforts should be made to locate and wipe out the diseased trees. By destroying where they stand all infected trees in the territory where the infection is only slight, the blight can be checked and its further spread effectually halted, if there is no relaxation of the vigilance of the state authorities and continued co-operation of timber owners. It is generally conceded that at this time the best course to pursue is to have the field agents of the Pennsylvania Chestnut Tree Blight commission scout all portions of the state to locate the points of infection, and report the results to the owners and urge prompt and vigorous action wherever the blight may be found, in destroying the diseased trees. When infected trees are felled and the bark burnt and the adjacent timber kept under close surveillance, according to instructions, the remaining timber will probably be saved, since the spores that spread the disease are thus destroyed. New York and New Jersey experiences indicate very forcibly that indifference or delay will certainly occasion disastrous losses.

The field agents now travelling through the various counties of the Commonwealth in search of the blight have been trained for the special work, and it will be mutually advantageous for all persons interested to co-operate in the task of controlling the disease.

The spread and nature of the disease has been the live theme of forestry experts since its appearance in New York State in 1904, and Pennsylvania friends of forestry conservation are determined to do all that lies within their means to check its further advance westward. The Commission has largely augmented its field force and earnestly requests the help and hearty co-operation which the important economic problem so fully deserves.

It is especially important that the field agents of the Commission should be promptly informed as to all suspected cases of the blight. The disease is caused by a fungus parasite known technically as *Diplorthe parasitica*. It resembles a spreading "sore," or lesion, which soon girdles a tree or branch, causing it to die. Some of the symptoms are quite prominent, but the disease itself is best recognized by the growth of many reddish-brown spots of pustules, about the size of a pinhead, appearing in the cracks of old bark, small reddish blisters appear on cankers with smooth bark, suckers or water sprouts at the base of diseased trees, etc., all of which are evidences of the chestnut bark disease. If there are any doubts, whatever, regarding its identification or if the representatives of the Commission cannot be located without delay, the Commission should be addressed at 1112 Morris Building, Philadelphia, in order that the investigation can be expedited, and the proper remedial agency applied. This is the season when the blight will spread rapidly, if unchecked, and there is no class of persons who do not have a vital interest in forestry protection;

consequently an awakening to the seriousness of the dilemma is of the greatest value and will result in much public good.

The Commission has extended grateful acknowledgments to the press for the invaluable service it has rendered in calling the attention of the public to the chestnut blight, and recognizes that it is an almost indispensable factor in the campaign against this new, but terribly destructive fungous disease that threatens to exterminate all of our beautiful and valuable chestnut trees. It is a matter of serious importance, and the public generally should combine with the State authorities in combating the disease.

The local representative of the Commission will be pleased to furnish further information and assist owners and others interested in forestry in every practicable manner.

F. L. GREENE,
Representative McKean Co.
Smethport, Pa.

STATE SPRAYING DEMONSTRATIONS.

To Be Held at Port Allegany and Mt. Alto Next Week.

The present spring campaign of spraying demonstrations in the Model Orchards under the direction of Prof. H. A. Surface, Economic Zoologist, of the State Department of Agriculture, has created a widespread interest in the protection of fruit on the trees from the ravages of pests such as the codling moth, curculio, and destructive fungus diseases. The attendance at the public meetings has been unusually large, in spite of adverse weather conditions in many places. Thousands of fruit growers have witnessed the operation of spraying trees by the State agents, and are treating their orchards in accordance with the improved methods shown.

A special feature of the public demonstration is the examination by the inspector of specimens brought for identification. Not only are these specimens named and described, but treatment for them outlined. By this personal service tree owners are made acquainted with the immediate needs of their orchards, and directed how to protect them.

The codling moth demonstrations in the northern tier counties are held last on the list, because of their later season. One hundred and sixty meetings have already been held this spring in sixty-four counties in the State. The appointments in the remaining three counties will be filled during the coming week on the premises of the following orchard owners at the time stated. Meetings begin at one o'clock.

McKEAN COUNTY.

June 5th, Leo V. Golling, Port Allegany.

June 6th, R. J. Gates, Mt. Alto.

SUMMER SESSION AT LOCK HAVEN NORMAL.

We are in receipt of the following prospectus of the Central State Normal school for the summer session which begins July 1 and continues

for five weeks. We note that the whole cost for this term is but \$30, which includes room rent, boarding, laundry and tuition.

The courses include psychology, history of education, general and special methods, school management and practice teaching in the training school, also mathematics, English, history, sciences, Latin, German, French, etc.

Special courses are offered in art, basket weaving, vocal and instrumental music, elocution and business.

The program will be arranged so that the afternoons may be spent in recreation and the evenings in entertainment. This illustrated prospectus will be sent to all interested in a vacation school upon application to the principal, Dr. George P. Singer, Lock Haven, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of John A. Sprague, deceased.
Letters of Administration on the estate of John A. Sprague, late of Keating township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to J. T. Chase, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.
Smethport, Pa., May 27, 1912-61

Princeton Paints

\$1.50 per Gallon

We pay the Freight

on

Three Gallons or More

Send for color card.

A. MILLER & SON

LUMBER CO.

BRADFORD, PA.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

Special

Rate to early applicants for next school year. Chance to save \$35. For particulars address, E. D. Westbrook, Olean, N. Y.



NEW REGALS

IN SHOES AND OXFORDS

Black and Tan. Button and Lace.

All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices

Try on a Pair.

H. W. Rubin.

THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—

Smethport, Pa.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit
Go To
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THE PIERCE-ARROW A BUFFALO PRODUCT

Pierce-Arrow experiments in matters of design and material are conducted in the laboratory and testing rooms at the Pierce-Arrow factory. That work is part of the construction of each one of our cars. Every Pierce-Arrow is thoroughly tested on the road by factory experts, and when delivered to a purchaser is ready for any service it is called on to do.

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The Lindholm Company
THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT
OUR SPRING LINE OF MIL-
INERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.
The Store of Quality and Low Price.

CHI NAMEL

For Staining and Varnishing in one operation, also Graining, Staining and Varnishing.

Re-producing both grain and color of hardwood in either Gloss or Matt Finish.

We also handle the following Chi-Namel products: Gloss Enamel, Gold and Aluminum paints; Stove pipe Enamel, Furniture Polish and Screen Paint.

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Keep Your Eye on this

SPACE

It belongs to the home of
the people where

Groceries

are sold at their

Market Value

Your money refunded if
you can purchase the
same groceries at
less price. Chi-
cago includ-
ed.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

McKean County Mines

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as
second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 30, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Fourth of July is only five weeks away.

—A new cement walk is being laid on Fulton street abutting the Imperial Hotel.

—A new cement walk has been laid from St. Luke's parish house to Church street.

—Eight young people were confirmed in the Swedish Lutheran church last Sunday morning.

—Miss Stella Rubin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Klux street Wednesday afternoon.

—L. W. Dunn and George Howard are having new cement sidewalks laid along their properties on Mechanic street.

—The Smethport Gas company has started a well on land of Chas. McKean east of Nelson and south of Bank street in this borough.

—Everybody seems to be busy with planting and other improvements and it is almost impossible to find men to do necessary work at this time.

—The county commissioners have received some new steel filing cases and in the near future some decided changes will be made in the various offices in the court house.

—Fred H. Hingstville, secretary of the Backus Novelty Company, has purchased a new Flanders foredoor run about. He and J. C. Backus drove it in from Buffalo on Monday.

—The last meeting of the Travelers' Club before the summer recess was held at their club house last

Saturday afternoon, at which time reports were submitted and arrangements made for the coming year.

—The fate of John M. Andrews, the once convicted murderer of Emilie Amann, now rests with the jury. The evidence was all in on Tuesday and the lawyers made their pleas on Wednesday. It is understood that the case went to the jury Wednesday night.

—Allanists both for the Commonwealth and for the defense have examined Rossino Gigliotti this week. Gigliotti is the Italian charged with the double murder in Bradford last fall and his trial will take place at the next term of court.

—John Nelson of Bradford was appointed tax collector for the city of Bradford by the county commissioners on Monday. Mr. Nelson is a former ball player and a right-hand artist and has many friends here who will unite with The Miner in extending congratulations.

—The Smethport baseball team went to Norwich last Sunday and played a game with the local team of that place. The home team was the winner by a score of 16 to 3. The boys from the lumber town had their batting clothes on and pounded our pitchers all over the lot.

—Bertha Ocella, the eldest daughter of James Bray, of Farmers Valley, died at the home of her uncle in Moody Hollow on Sunday last, after a short illness of pneumonia, aged 12 years. Funeral was held at the Coryville church Tuesday, interment in Moody Hollow cemetery.—Eldred Eagle.

—A young man employed in the paper mill at Johnsonburg, whose name we have been unable to learn, met with an accident Monday morning that resulted in his death. As near as

can be learned he was working around a large machine when in some manner he became entangled in the same and was so badly injured that he died soon after. His body was badly mangled. —A demonstration of farming with dynamite was given on the County Farm yesterday afternoon by the Keystone National Powder company of Emporium, Pa., which was well attended by interested farmers in this section. The demonstration further proved the great benefits to be derived from dynamite in farming.

—Paul J. Altman, aged one year, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman J. Altman, of Butler, strangled to death Sunday morning. The child had been placed on its bed upstairs by the grandmother, and left alone. In some manner it rolled to the side and fell through a crevice between the bed and wall. The child hung suspended until it died.

—An automobile driven by Fred M. Curtis, of Jamestown, and carrying Mrs. Curtis and Miss Lee, one of the editors of the Pictorial Review, was overturned on Hough Hill, a very steep country road, near Falconer, Friday night. The occupants were buried under the car, Miss Lee sustaining some severe bruises. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis escaped injury.

—Bouton & Forrest expect to drill in a well on the Harley Sawyer place about four miles southwest of town today. This is a wildcat well for the purpose of further determining the course of the oil belt struck by the Surprise Oil Company on the county farm and followed southwest by other companies, and the result of this well is being watched with a great deal of interest.

—The suit of John Beatty vs. The DuPont Powder company, which was appealed from the court of common pleas of McKean county, December term, 1909, has been decided by the supreme court of Pennsylvania in favor of the defendants. In making this decision the supreme court affirms the decision of the McKean county court. This is one of the suits growing out of an explosion of gas at a well on School street, Bradford, in which 30 persons were injured.

—A mixed baseball team from Eldred, composed mostly of high school players, came up here Tuesday and trimmed the Smethport High School team in a very hotly contested eleven-inning game by a score of 7 to 6. Smethport had the better hitting and fielding team and their defeat was due entirely to poor base running on the part of the local players. A few elementary lessons in the art of base running and our high school team would make a good showing in the national sport.

—Mrs. Esther Webster, formerly of this place, but now of Elgin, Ill., celebrates her 81st anniversary today. She is an aunt of Mrs. C. E. Powell and Miss Cynthia Ogden of this place. An Elgin exchange publishes an excellent record of this venerable lady and tells of a party given in her honor. It says that she "eats and sleeps regularly; reads without glasses, and does the needlework and beautiful embroidery. Her many friends here hope that she will live and enjoy good health until she has passed the century milestone of life."

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus and Fred Hingstville of Smethport, were Mr. Jewett visitors Wednesday. The gentlemen were representing the Backus Novelty Company, and were negotiating with the management of the Safety-Shed Company for the stamping of such "shades" as the Shed company require. A line of business the Backus concern is fully equipped to care for in the best possible manner. If the shed company decides to go out of town for this work it is to be hoped that it will be placed in Smethport, as that will mean the holding of just that much more work and money to our own people.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—A special dispatch to the North American from Pottsville, Pa., says: "The latest development in railroads in the west central portion of Pennsylvania is a line which, when a deal that has assumed definite proportions is closed, will mean the acquisition of another road by the Pennsylvania Railroad company and a new route from Buffalo to Pittsburgh." It has just been learned that within the last week a special bearing a party of Pennsylvania officials has been going over the Buffalo and Susquehanna Railway. An inspection was made all along the line, terminating with a visit to Sagamore, Armstrong county, where the road has its southern terminal.

—The Kane Republican very truthfully remarks: "The newspaper publishers and job printers have been informed again by all paper houses of another advance in the prices of paper stock, with the further assurance of some of the dealers that the prices will never be lower, with the cheering prospect that it is liable to go upwards. A condition, not a theory, now looms up before the printers of this country that they have got to advance the prices for all classes of work in their line, in order to keep up with expenses, or retire from business. Prices of ten years ago for

commercial printing are entirely out of all proportion to what we are paying for our stock today, not to say anything about the advance in wages during that time.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Maude Irons was a Bradford visitor on Saturday.

Miss Fannie Foster of Patton, Pa., is visiting friends in town.

Miss Betty Cory of Coryville is visiting friends in town this week.

Mrs. Simpson of Salamanca, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. C. D. Comes.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick were Buffalo visitors the forepart of the week.

Misses Margaret Curtis and Orra Gleason were Norwich visitors last Saturday.

H. S. Rogers and two daughters of Mt. Jewett were visitors in town last Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Hecker of Kuchess was the guest of the Misses Freeman this week.

Robert Daly, who has been attending Notre Dame college is home for the summer vacation.

Col. John Swan of Franklinville, N. Y., was in town last Friday and Saturday visiting old friends.

Miss Ruth Shaw, who has been nursing Miss Mabel Day, has returned to her home in Kane.

Mrs. Charles Hartmeyer of Buffalo is the guest of her sisters, Mrs. Chas. Curtis and Miss Nettie Duntley.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper of Hornell, N. Y., was the guest of her son, W. B. Hopper, and family the first of the week.

Miss Edna Anderson, who attends the Jamestown business college, is spending the week with friends in town.

Sheridan Gorton returned home last Thursday night from a visit to Coudersport where he attended the Consistory meeting.

Mrs. L. J. Wilson of Chicago and Mrs. R. M. Hoyt of Monroe, La., were guests of Mrs. L. K. Hogarth the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate and Miss May Choate were in Mt. Jewett last Thursday evening to attend the commencement exercises.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris of Medina, N. Y., are in town, the guests of friends and for the commencement exercises this week.

Everett Chadwick, who is a student in the Medical department of the University of Buffalo, returned home last Friday for the summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. John O. Charwick, who have been in the West for the past two years, returned on Monday and expect to stay here in the future.

Miss Amanda Erickson and Mrs. A. E. Johnson left Tuesday for New York city where they will meet their brother, Prof. Erickson, who will accompany them on a trip to Sweden.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison who has been recuperating in Erie county for the past few weeks, has returned home. He is considerably better and expects to be in his former good health in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, of Erie, are visiting relatives in town. About 10 days ago Mr. Mitchell had the misfortune to break his right arm between the wrist and elbow, while in the act of cranking his automobile. He is getting along nicely at this time.

The New Domestic Vacuum Cleaner

J. L. HUTCHINGS, Agent.
OLEAN, N. Y.

J. M. HORNLEIN,
Demonstrator for Smethport.

The Domestic has already been placed in the leading homes of Smethport.

EVERY
BOYS
SUIT
IN THIS STORE
REDUCED

Buy Now
and Save from
\$1.00
to
\$2.50

\$3.00 for a Knicker boys worth \$4.00
\$4.00 for a Knicker boys worth \$5.00
\$4.50 for a Knicker boys worth \$5.50
\$5.00 for a Knicker boys worth \$7.50

Most suits come with 2 pair of Knicker Bocker, lined, pants.

MONKZIMERS'
THE WORKING MAN'S
STORE.

FRY & COMES

The One Price Store.
STORE CLOSED DECORATION DAY.

\$1.50 Glove Fitting Corsets For \$1.00.
An Exceptional Value.

For Friday morning we offer sixty pairs of genuine Thompson Glove Fitting Corsets a regular Dollar Fifty value at One dollar per pair.

These are new goods of the latest style long model, made of excellent French Coutil well boned, have best quality hose supporters. Just the sort of Corsets you expect for \$1.50 per pair.

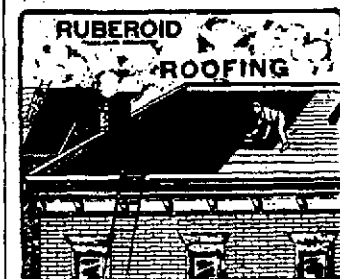
This is a special purchase that we cannot duplicate. If you would share in this bargain, come early. Sizes 18 to 26.

PORCH RUGS—Crex Grass.

The most satisfactory porch floor covering. We are showing these popular rugs in following sizes. 6x9ft. 6x12ft. 8x12ft. 8x15ft. 9x12ft. Prices \$4.50, \$6.00, \$6.50, and \$8.25.

FRY & COMES
SMETHPORT, PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in four feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to \$3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE



THE HOME OF
Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete
that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
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SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport,

Penna

ADELE'S SYSTEM

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

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It was almost seven o'clock in the morning, but in the early winter it is nearly dark at that hour. The sharp, cutting wind swept away the light snow that was falling except for the thin white film close to the houses.

Adèle, waiting for her car, wondered if there was enough for a snowball. She shivered. The first emblem of winter, such a joy a few years ago, was now harbinger of trouble. Winter, now! A season of discomfort and almost want for herself and her mother.

She held her muff before her face to break the force of the wind and stood close to a telegraph pole for protection.

The time seemed long. Her car was suddenly there was a short and a big limousine swept the snow at her feet. With the muff before her eyes and the wind in her ears, she had neither seen nor heard the approach of the machine.

Instinctively she threw herself back with a cry, tripped and fell. It was all over in a second.

The car stopped within a few yards of the accident and a man sprang out and ran back.

The girl was sitting up by this time, but was too stunned and shaken to stand, although she tried to when she saw someone coming, but her brain was spinning and she sank down helplessly.

The man was beside her in an instant trying to raise her in his arms, at the same time calling to the chauffeur to bring back the car at once.

Adèle's fainting senses returned. "I am not hurt a bit, thank you. I will be all right in a minute and you do not need to help me at all."

The man noticed with contrition how small and slight she was and how pretty the pale little face was, although almost ghostly in the rays of the electric street light. But she was smiling bravely and the confusion in her sweet brown eyes may or may not have been due to the fall.

"I am so sorry," said the man simply. "I'll never forgive myself. I get tired telling Wilson to not drive so close to the curb. I just let him go sometimes. But to tell the truth, you were so near the pole neither of us saw you until you jumped. By George, it's just too bad! Sure you are all right?"

"Sure," smiled Adèle. "No sprained ankles? Try to stand on your right foot. That's the ticket! Now your left."

Adèle obeyed. Everybody obeyed John Moreland when he spoke that way.

"How's the head? Aching I'll bet. Not well, if you are going to the city you will let us take you in, won't you? Not to make amends, but to be certain you will stay all right. You might faint or something after we were gone."

"O, no thank you," declined Adèle hastily. "Pledge do not be so remorseful about my falling. I was too near to the street and it wasn't your fault at all. Here is my car. Good morning."

There was nothing to do but to help her out of the car and lift her hat. But he felt mean about the whole affair and took it out on Wilson the entire trip into town. He was, however, soon deep in business affairs—no man in town had so many friends in the fire—and he forgot the incident of the morning.

Adèle had no luck that day getting subscriptions for the books she was selling. Of course, they were good books and everybody ought to want them, but somehow the busy men in busy offices either had no time to see her at all or their minds were too intent on their own affairs to get the least bit interested. She was tired and discouraged.

While eating her luncheon she sat thinking of some new plan. "I have it," she exclaimed, suddenly, to herself. "I am going to try the gambler's system of sticking to one number till he wins. Only I shall try a name. I'll stick to one name till somebody subscribes for my books. Let's see! What are some names of companies? Central, Ideal, Union, Manhattan, Consolidated, Mutual. There, that sounds the most promising—Mutual—should be good for all of us. Mutual it is. Now for the directory. There she found, under business addresses, enough Mutual Clothing companies, hat companies and companies of this, that and the other kind to keep her busy for weeks.

The first on the list was the Mutual Hat company. It proved to be a wholesale concern selling summer headgear and the manager merely pointed toward the show street and told her to come back in July. Adèle, nothing daunted by her lack of success in the new system, next tried the Mutual Furniture company and left a little later, proud in the knowledge that she had triumphantly escaped being sold a bookcase by the head salesman, who studied every effort to talk books, but who was said to be the best salesman in the state. "He would actually sell Santa Claus his own reindeer," laughed Adèle, though she had a keen sense of humor, even though she was disappointed.

She next tried the Mutual Fire insurance company and what was her surprise when the office boy admitted her to the sanctum sanctorum of her acquaintance of the morning. She flushed painfully. Here was a pre-

sentiment added—but in a moment she noticed that he had not recognized her. He was very kind and polite, but he did not want the books and she plainly Adèle strangely enough was not disappointed this time and she breathed more freely out of the office. But she thought a great deal of the man. She had met many hundreds in her work, but none had been just like John Moreland.

No sales that day, but she started in bright and early the next morning, too early to see the big limousine that came along at exactly seven and moved past her corner very, very slowly, and, in fact, every morning for many days.

Adèle stuck to the Mutuals, being encouraged by one or two sales in the week. Toward the end of the week she went to the office of the Mutual Power company and for the second time came face to face with John Moreland.

Adèle apologized and refused the proffered chair. "I am sorry to have disturbed you," she said quickly. "I had no idea of asking you a second time to look over my books."

John Moreland looked at the pretty girl closely. He recognized her as the little book agent who had visited him a few days before, but somewhere—a baffled look came into his eyes.

Adèle colored and turned to leave. The man jumped to his feet. "I beg pardon, but won't you sit down? I am positive I have met you before, but I crave forgiveness for forgetting just where. I am the very busiest man you could imagine."

Adèle again breathed easily—thankful she had not been identified. "I will sit down and talk books," she answered placidly. "Will you look at them?"

"No," answered Mr. Moreland, smiling, but just as firmly as he had said before.

"Then, good-morning, Mr. Moreland," and Adèle quietly left the office.

"I suppose he would buy twenty sets if I told him who I am," she remarked to herself in the corridor. "Well, I am not starving yet and if he buys any books from me it must be because he wants them."

As for John Moreland, he sat for a long time looking at the closed door. His head ached. He was tired. No wonder he could not remember his friends. He was positive he knew this girl, but why did she not tell him?

"I'm nearly a wreck, doing the work of three men," he mused. "I suppose it is foolish, how I have things started and my fortune is in a fair way to make itself. I will wind up things this month and go away for a year. But, by Jove, I hate to go alone! It's time I was marrying some nice little girl, anyway. It would be pretty nice when we came back to settle down and have a little home of our own. Heavens, how my head aches! And that reminds me, I wonder how the little girl is I nearly hit that morning with the car? She had a sweet voice and lots of pluck." He frowned a minute, then looked his desk and left.

Another week and Adèle had reached the very last of her "Mutuals." The Mutual Mill and Mine Supply company. She had not done badly and thought the system paid. The junior partner was in and would see her.

Adèle entered and stopped suddenly. She flushed angrily. Was someone playing a joke on her? John Moreland rose with a glad smile of welcome. But Adèle had turned and fled. And then—

The young man stood rooted to the spot. The look of confusion in the sweet brown eyes, the bend of her head—at last he remembered. "If I am not the greatest living specimen of assiduity in captivity," he murmured.

The next morning the big limousine was standing at Adèle's corner at six o'clock. Patience was rewarded. At six thirty she came. She drew away hastily when she recognized the car. But John Moreland sprang out quickly. "I wanted to tell you I would buy your books," he said smiling. "Please, may I?"

"No, they are no longer for sale," she said stiffly. "Besides you do not want them."

"Oh, yes I do," he replied. "I made a mistake when I said I didn't and I have some other things to talk over with you, if I may. Come jump in and ride into town. We have quarreled long enough."

Then Adèle laughed merrily. "Indeed, we have. I have acted perfectly horrid." And she stepped obediently into the waiting machine.

Romans as Doctors. It is not long since a party of dons, schoolmasters and other professional men, found themselves on a holiday tour at Caerwent, say the London Nation. A doctor, who had been profoundly uninterested in the fortifications and general antiquities, drifted into languid attention at the sight of a case of Roman surgical instruments in the museum, and was soon observed to warm into real excitement.

After a few minutes of the closest attention he burst out with, "By Jove! they've got the newest pattern!" So, indeed, they had; 2,000 years ago some officer of the Roman army medical corps had used an instrument of a form which has only been reinvented within our own generation. The doctor has now a real respect for that businesslike nation; scales fell from his eyes. Most of us have only taken for granted that the Romans were as civilized as could reasonably be expected of men who lived so hopelessly long before our own time; but our children, we hope, will see more clearly into the secrets of this wonderful people's success.

IN A SURGEON'S COAT

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

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The collision was over and they found a table carefully screened with palms and orange trees in full bloom. There was a mound of lilacs of the valley on the white cloth.

"It looks as if we must be missing somebody's happiness," exclaimed Betty, for the decorations around here certainly indicated the expectation of a bride and groom.

"Gossip, that thing we all despise, yet to which we all listen, maintains that you are cast for the role and that Gregory Rhodes is to be your leading man."

"I know it," laughed Betty, slipping a spray of the lilacs through the turquoise and diamonds that held the lace at her breast. "It's a funny thing how anxious people are to marry me off to somebody. You remember how Aunt Martha tried to persuade me to take the honorable Charles in the mountains two years ago."

"Indeed I do, and since that time I have never cherished any love for her. You and I had such great times together that summer. Lucky thing for me that you found my coat yesterday!"

"It was a curious incident. I didn't have time to tell you all about it. I was running sister Helen's electric down a quiet street and there, in front of me, I saw a box. I stopped, picked it up and imagine my surprise when I read Dr. Robert Latimer, Townsend building."

"The messenger must have dropped it. God bless him!"

"Of course I don't know a thing about this town, so I asked a policeman to direct me to your office building. I was curious to know whether or not you were the Dr. Latimer I knew. Why don't you eat?" demanded the girl. "See all these good things that footman brought!"

"I am so glad to look at you again and to hear the sound of your voice that I have forgotten my hunger."

"When I went into your office and saw all those patients lined up I knew that I couldn't wait my time, for I was due at a luncheon in less than an hour, so when your attendant opened the door and called 'Next!' I gave him my card and asked if I might see you for just a minute."

"And I heard your voice and came out in a hurry. It was a great thing for me to have you of all people and that surgeon's coat!"

"What is a surgeon's coat?"

"A white coat I wear when I operate in my office. I dare say I look like a butcher."

"Helen says you are eminently successful and rank with the best old surgeons here. I am so glad. I have so often wondered about you."

"I wrote to you several times after I left the mountains."

"I never received the letters."

"No," he said, "because I was afraid to post them. Your sister had married and come home to live, and everywhere I turned I heard that you and Gregory were engaged, and knowing that broken hearts are beyond my skill to mend, I tried to forget you."

Betty looked pensive and the young surgeon resumed: "If it had not been for my worldly knowledge of what a girl in your position wants these days, I would have asked you to marry me that last night in the mountains. You remember how we walked up to Paradise Rock and a sudden storm came on and we took refuge under a big tree?"

The jewels on Betty's breast flashed as the lace rose and fell with her uneven breathing. "Yes," she answered softly.

"When the lightning played about us and the thunder boomed like giant cannons through the mountains, you were frightened and I—I held you in my arms."

"I was not frightened then."

He looked at her curiously. "Betty," he said, "if you had only known how much greater was the storm going on in my breast. I wanted you so, and now—"

"I wish I had known," whispered the girl just as Gregory Rhodes came through the opening in the palms.

"Well, you gave me a deuce of a slip tonight, Betty, but I see you found the place I intended for you anyway."

Dr. Latimer pushed back his chair. "Oh, sit down, Doc, I'm not stopping! I was just looking around to find out if Betty had what she wanted. I'll be around to your office tomorrow to interview you professionally. I need treatment. Betty flitted me this afternoon."

"Why, Gregory, you have always known that I—I," stammered the embarrassed girl.

"You did it nicely enough, as nicely as a thing like that can be done. I don't mind talking before Doc Latimer," said Gregory, with his air of easy familiarity. "He's one of my best friends. I had this place all fixed up for I expected to propose to Betty here again tonight, but the fates willed it otherwise."

"Perhaps," interrupted the surgeon, "Miss Betty prefers that I should not be told."

"I don't mind. Of course Gregory doesn't feel all this pretended grief or he would not parade it before anybody."

"Our families fixed up the match years ago. I thought Betty meant to take me until this afternoon when, I

had for my own. I had not to name the day. I had not to expect to marry him. Gregory I'm old-fashioned enough to want to be in love, honestly in love with the man I marry. He had to be for people will say—"

"Only your pride is hurt, Gregory," said Betty.

"Have it your way. Your sister Helen is looking for you. I'm going now."

"May I see you tomorrow night? I must, Betty."

"I'll have to tell a fib, for we have a dinner on at Carey's and a dance somewhere afterward, but I'll manage to have a headache and stay home," she promised.

Some time during the day a postman found occasion to say, "I saw you with Miss Betty Gahne last night. I suppose you know that she flitted Gregory Rhodes to marry a titled foreigner who arrives in New York tomorrow. She met him abroad this summer."

So Betty had been leading him on by the look in her eyes the night before. He bit savagely into his cigar, thankful that the dear old gossip had intervened to save his pride.

It was a very charming Betty in a soft clinging white gown, adorned with her jewels, a single bluish rose on her breast, who greeted the surgeon. For a time he sat silent, afraid to trust his own voice. He glanced at the girl; her whole figure bathed in the ruddy glow from the fire. She seemed a priestess of the dawn to Latimer and he set his teeth and tried to think of some commonplace topic, but his brain had gone wrong, he concluded, and he waited for her to speak.

"Has it been a hard day? Are you very tired?" she asked quietly.

The note of sympathy stirred his anger.

"No," he flung out, "work, why, I work as if my task were made for me. Work is the one thing in life on which a man may confidently depend. It is the only thing that never fails him at a crucial time."

"Why this sudden and vehement bitterness, Bob?"

He had not heard her call his name for two years and the sound of her voice calling him thus, stirred the strings of his heart, but failed to set them in tune with her gentler spirit.

"Men have their work; women, nothing but amusement, which is usually found in making those same men fools at one time or another. I never loved but one woman and I loved her because I thought she was honest and true."

"Are you talking about me, Bob?" Betty's eyes were dark with fire.

"Today," he said, ignoring her question. "I have heard from two of your sister Helen's best friends that you are engaged to a nobleman who is to arrive in New York tomorrow. Yet last night you allowed me to make a fool of myself. It hurts, Betty."

"Have you no faith in me? Will you believe the sickly gossip of idle women in preference to the truth from the woman you claim to love?"

"I love you, Betty. The dream of you has helped me fight and in a measure win. When I found you again, and you were not married, my love flared up into a consuming passion. You are the only thing I want in this world. Do you mean, can you mean," he asked, incredulously, his brain whirling at the look in her face, "that you are not going to marry that foreign devil?"

He leaned over her chair, looking deep in her eyes.

"Betty," he said; "Betty, do you love me?"

He lifted her to her feet.

"Is it that surgeon's coat big enough for two?"

"Yes," he whispered, his lips at her white forehead, "and the pocket's big enough for Cupid."

RELIC OF THE DAYS OF GOLD

Rare Coin Minted in California's Infancy Brought to the Notice of Collectors.

An extremely rare gold coin of the pioneer period of California, valued at several thousand dollars, has just come to the notice of coin collectors.

The design of the newly discovered variety, which is of the denomination of five dollars, shows the letters "J. S. O." in the center of the field, around the border being "United States of America, Cal." On the reverse, in two lines, is the denomination, "5 Dols." around the border being twenty-one stars. It was issued by a private assaying firm at Sacramento in 1848. In that year the firm of J. S. & William M. Ormsby was formed for the purpose of refining the gold and forming it into five and ten-dollar pieces, to be used as currency.

For many years it has been known that the firm of Ormsby & Co. had issued a ten-dollar piece, which is of great rarity, only three specimens being known, one of which is in the mint at Philadelphia. The design of the ten-dollar piece is similar to that of the five-dollar, although there are thirty-one stars around the denomination on the reverse representing the number of states in the Union upon the admission of California. The last time the ten-dollar piece was offered at sale was at the disposal of the Andrew Zabrick collection, when it realized \$1,600.

The rare five-dollar piece has since 1848 been in a collection made by Jacob B. Moore. Mr. Moore was at one time the librarian of the New York Historical society. His father, Jacob B. Moore, Sr., was the first postmaster of San Francisco.

Explanatory. Neil—Jack said my eyes were like jewels. Belle—He meant cat's eyes.

BETSEY'S NAME

By M. DIBBLELL

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"Betsey! Betsey!"

"Yes, father, I'm coming." She stepped round the curve of the veranda as she spoke.

"Where have you been all these hours?" grumbled Mr. Whittlesey.

"Hours!" laughed Betsey in response. "Why it is barely twenty minutes since I went in to give Betty her instructions for the day, and we have been rushing things at a great rate. Now I am at your service again—but just think how you would feel if I really should leave you for a long time," she ended teasingly.

"I suppose that is all I have to look forward to now." Her father gave a dismal groan. "Just take a fancy to some young limb you happen to meet, and then—pronto—my baby is turned into a lovesick maiden, with her poor old dad utterly forgotten."

His daughter assured him that falling in love was altogether outside of her plan of life and the last thing he need worry about.

Richard Whittlesey had had to play the part of father and mother both, ever since Betsey was three years old. Now she was entering her twentieth year, and her father was more than grateful that so far her interest in the masculine had been wholly centered on himself.

She laughed again as she asked, "What young man of this present generation do you suppose would want a wife with such an old-fashioned name as 'Betsey'?" How you could ever have given it to me just because it was my great-grandmother's is more than I can understand. But at least I have marked me out of the matrimonial market."

"I only wish it had," declared her father. "I would have called you 'Hippopotamus' if it might have had any such effect."

"At least I can be thankful that you did not have that awful thought in time to do any harm. But really I think that such a good father and such a poor name as mine, between them, should make a voluntary old maid out of anyone."

"And yet that statement from one of your advanced years does not give me the safe and secure feeling that you intend it to."

"Every year that passes will make you feel a little surer, anyhow," consoled Betsey, "now let's go for a ride."

An hour later, as they were speeding smoothly along the lake road, they noticed ahead of them a saddled horse nibbling the grass at the roadside. Richard Whittlesey was driving, and stopped his car beside the horse.

"Must be something wrong," said Mr. Whittlesey. "I never saw this horse before." He reached across to smooth the horse's nose, then secured his bridle and passed it to Betsey. "See if he will let you hold him while I start the car." He returned to his seat, and they slowly moved ahead.

The horse followed without resistance. After traveling a few rods they came to a sharp curve in the road. As they turned this they came upon a man clad in riding clothes. He was hitching painfully along on foot and a stout staff.

As soon as he saw the horse he cried, "You old rascal! what do you mean by deserting me this way?"

The animal, giving a little whinny, pulled away from Betsey and trotted to his master.

"Had an accident?" asked Richard Whittlesey, as he stopped the car.

"Yes, and a mighty silly one, too," answered the stranger. "I climbed on top of the bluff at that steepest place to get a view across the lake, and coming down I stepped on a thin edge of rock, which gave way with me, so I came the rest of the way in about half a second." He smiled cheerfully as he added, "Guess I broke the small bone of my left leg. Can't use it at all."

"Then the sooner you get in with us and let me take you to a surgeon, the better off you will be." Jumping down, Mr. Whittlesey bundled this unexpected passenger into the tonneau as gently as possible.

"You are very kind." The stranger's lips looked blue from the pain of his broken bone, but his voice was still cheerful. "Though I doubt if such stupidity as mine is deserving of so much consideration."

"Folks have to get used to our cumbly style of rocks," Mr. Whittlesey said.

"Come along, Colonel," called the stranger to his horse, and that obedient animal followed after them like a well-trained dog.

They were not far from the lake village, and inside of a short time a surgeon was setting the broken bone.

"Broken in two places," he informed them when his task was completed; "good, square breaks both of them, only means keeping quiet with the foot in a chair for five or six weeks."

"But where am I to spend all that time?" questioned his patient. "Is there a boarding house in this place? I have no friends within several hundred miles—was just riding Colonel through this part because I had been told of the magnificent scenery."

"There are two good boarding houses," began the doctor, but Richard Whittlesey interrupted him.

"He is going back in the car with us, doctor; I can look after him and keep him from dying of the blues."

"Now that is more than good of you," the injured man said, gratefully. "But you must not bother yourself out of all reason on my account."

"Not another word," his host announced. "This stranger is not going to be left at an inn; he is coming home with me."

The doctor and Mr. Whittlesey helped the man back into the car. Betsey was petting Colonel when they appeared. "He is the dearest horse I ever knew," she said to his owner, as he gave Colonel a pat in passing.

"That he is," he agreed heartily. "It was only my falling on him all in a heap that gave him such a shock that he ran around the corner."

Richard Whittlesey told his daughter of his invitation to their passenger. "He would die of being talked to death at either of the village boarding houses," he concluded. "And I know you would approve of saving a fellow being from such a dismal end."

"It is lovely of you, father—but then you are always thinking how to do nice things for everybody," said Betsey admiringly. "You can amuse the master, and I will make love to Colonel."

Betsey grew fonder of Colonel every day, and her father and Colonel's master—whose name proved to be Max Playfair—became great friends. Betsey took part in many of her father's discussions with their guest, and the crippled man seemed never to find his imprisonment anything but enjoyable.

Five weeks passed before he was able to attempt walking, and on the day that he first limped about a little, his host was surprised to realize how much he would miss his visitor. "Of course he will rush off the minute he can walk at all," grumbled Mr. Whittlesey to himself, "the smartest, clearest-headed youngster I ever met—and now away he goes."

The following day Max Playfair broached the subject of his departure. "I can never thank you enough for your kindness," he assured Mr. Whittlesey. "But now I am able to get about I must stop trespassing on your hospitality and go back to work."

"Just what I expected," growled the elder man. "When we get well enough acquainted to begin to understand each other then duty squalls for you—you know that you are always welcome here, my boy."

"I wonder if I should be as welcome if I made a fearful revelation?" asked his guest.

"Try me and see," answered Richard Whittlesey bluntly.

"Well, then, here goes! Mr. Whittlesey, I did not come through this region for the sake of the scenery. It was for your daughter's sake. Your cousins told me about you both and showed me her picture, which I must tell you—though it sounds foolish—that I fell in love with at once. I went up that bluff to catch a glimpse of your place—its location had been described to me—and I was thinking so deeply on my way down how I was to make any headway with the cruel father of my imprisoned princess, that I fell headlong; but I hope into his good graces."

Richard Whittlesey regarded the speaker with astonishment, which slowly turned to amusement. "You young scoundrel, to have the nerve to tell such a yarn to an unhappy father!" he laughed, giving the offender a sounding thump on his shoulders.

"Yes; you scamp, you did fall into my affections, and if you can get a 'Yes' from Betsey, there won't be any resistance here."

"Thank you more than ever," and Max limped away to meet Betsey who was just coming up the steps, while petting Colonel at the same time. To her Max poured forth the whole story.

That young woman was literally swept from her feet, for no suggestion of her awful name had any effect on this persevering young man.

"What could I do, daddy, when both you and my name went back on me?" Betsey asked her father afterward. "And there was Colonel wanting me to say 'yes' just as plainly as could be—I simply could not help myself."

CHAMPION HARD LUCK STORY

More Than a Million in Gold Taken From Mine the First Owner Had Abandoned.

Murray Potts of Vancouver, B. C., an old Klondiker, says that the champion hard luck story happened to a friend of his who staked claims on Sulphur creek during the Klondike rush.

The son of a powder manufacturer of Hamilton, Ont., he started north with \$10,000. At Skagway he fell in with the Soapy Smith gang, was relieved of most of his money and proceeded to Dawson. He crossed every twelve feet and sunk holes to bedrock for a mile on Sulphur Creek. This took a year, and he never got a color. He was taken down with scurvy, and spent three months in a hospital. Then he returned to Hamilton, thoroughly disgusted. Later a Scandinavian secured one of his claims on Sulphur Creek. Mr. Potts' friend had failed to go to bedrock in one place, mile east, mistaken for the real article. The Scandinavian went through the mica to actual bedrock, took out \$250,000 the first year and a similar amount for several seasons after that. The claim was now on Sulphur, one of the richest in the Klondike.

To Write Successful Advertisement. No, advertising isn't writing a world-beating announcement the first time, nor waiting until everything is perfect before beginning. It's making a start somehow, and writing a better ad the second time through experience of shortcomings in the first, and doing better the second year, and hitting a good pace, and getting second wind, and going on, and on, and on—Jas. H. Collins.

GOT THERE AT LAST

STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK AS TOLD BY A WOMAN.

There Was a Joke in It but It Took Her a Long Time to Reach the Point, According to Tale Related by S. E. Kiser.

A story that S. E. Kiser told at the recent banquet given by the Chicago Association of Commerce for the sons of members follows:

"I told you about the difficulty of getting a woman to see the point of a joke. Now, there is another kind of woman. She is the woman who starts to tell you a joke and has difficulty in reaching the point of it.

"One of the loveliest little women that I ever knew had this trouble. She had once been unfortunate enough to be in a shipwreck. The vessel on which she was a passenger had been driven upon some rocks and was rapidly pounding to pieces when the life-savers succeeded in shooting a line over the upper works of the boat, thereby rescuing the passengers one at a time by means of the breeches buoy. There was a little incident connected with the woman's trip from the ship to the shore which she told in about this way:

"O, it was the most awful experience I ever had in all my life. I do hope nothing of the kind will ever happen to me again, but do you know when I was about half way between the ship and the shore swinging on that little bit of line and expecting every minute was going to be my last, the funniest thought suddenly popped into my mind just when I was there half way between the ship and the shore, and O! how those waves dashed and roared beneath me as I swung there just as if they were going to tear me into pieces in a minute. My, it was awful! But as I say, I was there half way between the ship and the shore when this funny thing came to my mind of all the places in the world. I can't imagine why it came to me there. You know my husband always treats me like a mere child, he doesn't let me handle the money and wouldn't even allow me to go around and buy a piece of steak, but just as I was there about half way, as I say, this funny thought struck me—and my, it was dark, awful dark!

"Well, as I was there, I say, swinging on this little bit of rope about half way between the ship and the shore, and suddenly this funny thought came to my mind. Now, the captain, I thought, was a coward the minute we got on the rocks, because he gave up, but the mate was one of the bravest men I ever saw in my life. But there I was half way between the ship and the shore and with nothing but that little bit of rope between me and death, expecting every minute to be the last minute of my life, and suddenly this funny thought sprang into my head and I was thinking also that my children would have a stepmother inside of a year if I was drowned—and, O, how it thundered and lightened, and my, how wet I was. I never was so wet in my life. I sometimes think it runs in our family, because I had a cousin drowned at sea. Well, as I say, there I was, about half way between the ship and the shore, swinging there, and suddenly the thought popped right into my mind just as suddenly as if some one had spoken it to me right out loud—suddenly, the thought popped into my head there, 'Well, I had the breeches on for once anyhow.'"

Entertaining the Duke.

That irrepressible artist, the late Phil May, "saved the situation" at the Savage club one night in a very happy manner. It was an occasion when the late duke of Teck was present, and on account of this royal visit the entertainment committee thought it incumbent upon them to substitute for the usual free-and-easy show a strictly conventional entertainment, which, for all the duke's good nature, plainly bored him to death.

The proceedings went on in a funereal gloom very alien to the surroundings, till, in despair, one of the committee begged Phil May to cheer things up a bit, as only Phil May could.

"Phil" asked for some black chalk and a drawing board. The duke had just become a grandfather by the birth of the present prince of Wales, but few saw Phil May's drift as he drew, in his own inimitable style, an infant in long clothes grabbing at a feeding bottle, till he surmounted the whole with the "prince of Wales' plumes."

The duke was convulsed with laughter and the evening was saved.

More Police for New York.

The police department of New York asks the board of estimates to appoint one thousand more policemen for next year in that city, and to grant an appropriation of \$2,500,000 additional for the department. The appeal is urged on the ground that London, with only one-third more population, than New York, has almost double the number of policemen.

Intending Immigrants Turned Back.

About two hundred and fifty thousand immigrants are turned back every year by the immigration officials of this country. To guard the ports and boundaries against those who the law forbids entry, the government employs nearly two thousand trained men.

RED TAPE RULES IN LONDON

Man Who Fell into the Thames Refused Admittance to Police Stations and Hospital.

The complaints made occasionally in New York of the refusal of hospitals to admit emergency patients, some of them in desperate plight, are brought to mind by the experience of a London man who fell into the Thames the other day.

In New York the explanation has been that the hospitals refusing to treat patients were overcrowded and it was impossible to accommodate another applicant for admission. In the London case red tape appears to have been responsible for the denial of aid to the man who took an involuntary bath in the icy waters of the river.

Nothing in the testimony on the subject of the shivering unfortunate's treatment indicated that there was not plenty of room for him in which to get warm and dry his clothes.

The story came out in a police court, when a young laborer was charged with breaking a plate glass window in the Salvation army shelter in Whitechapel road. The accused testified that after he pulled himself out of the river he had applied at two police stations for permission to have his clothes dried, and was referred to the casual ward of a hospital, but an official there would not admit him because he had no order.

It was then early on a December morning. According to the testimony of a night watchman at the Salvation army shelter, the prisoner had asked to be admitted there about four o'clock a. m. to dry his clothes.

When the watchman told him to call again at five o'clock, as it was against the rules to admit anyone before that hour, the prisoner threw his cap at the window and broke the glass.

The magistrate was interested in the prisoner's story that he had been turned away from police station and a hospital, and declined to dispose of the case until he ascertained whether it was true.

Another tale of red tape methods in a London hospital is told by an American. He suffered an injury to his eye, and was in great pain.

"Can you afford to pay for the treatment?" asked the surgeon at the hospital.

"Oh, yes," responded the American. "Then we can do nothing for you," said the surgeon. "We treat only those who cannot afford to pay."—N. Y. Sun.

Hi-Paid Hero.

Mr. French Strother, writing in the World's Work about C. P. Rodgers' transatlantic flight, says that financially the trip was a disappointment. He received five dollars a mile for his flight from New York to Fort Worth, and from Fort Worth to Pasadena, four dollars a mile and all the purses he could arrange for on the side. He thus received about twenty thousand dollars from his backers and about three or four thousand dollars prize money. But his machine cost five thousand dollars and repairs cost about seventeen thousand dollars more, so his net return was small.

But he unconsciously summed up the significance of his flight at Pasadena, after he had heard the last congratulations and had laid off the American flag they had thrown across his shoulders, when he placed his hands on his mother's shoulder and said:

"Never mind about the money. It don't amount to much that way—but I did it, didn't I?"

John Smith Everywhere.

The good old name of John Smith does not suggest in English any great degree of aristocracy, but transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder, so to speak.

Thus, in Latin it is Johannes Smithus, the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi, the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus, the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt, the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet and the Russian says Jonioff Smittowski.

When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmli; if he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders refer to him as Japne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscans he becomes Ten Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Jvan Schmiltowski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of JHONN Schmidt; when he goes to Mexico he is called Joniti Smithi; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins he turns to Ion Smithon, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

Had His Reasons.

Seeing that his repeated requests to look pleasant only caused his subject to scowl more fiercely, the photographer ceased to look pleasant himself. "If you can't cheer up," he said, "we might as well call this sitting off. You seem an amiable sort of chap. Why can't you look pleasant when I tell you to?" "Because I don't want to," said the man before the camera. "My wife is going to send these pictures to some relatives of hers whom I have never seen, and it is my intention to look like a brigand, so they won't come."

Progress.

"Women are now making great strides," remarked Mrs. Barling-Bennors.

"Yes," replied the husband, "only you can't notice it when you see one of 'em in a bobble skirt going after a street car."

PROBLEM FOR WOMEN

CAN ONE ASK ANOTHER WHERE SHE GETS HER CLOTHES?

It Is Done in France Without Offense, but Here the Fair Questioner Might Be Considered Most Impertinent.

"Have you the right, when you see a beautifully dressed woman, to ask her politely where she gets her clothes?"

The speaker, beautifully dressed herself, was drinking tea and eating scones at the Acorn club. Her words evoked tremendous interest among all the dainty occupants of the dainty room, and a former ambassador's wife said:

"That question is very important. It has troubled me, in fact, all my life. I once put it to the test. That was three years ago. I sidled up to a very stunning girl who was buying silk stockings in a department store, and I said:

"Your dress is so pretty—do you mind telling me where you got it?" "She looked me up and down as if I were dirt. 'I got it in Paris,' she snapped, and turned her back on me. I walked away so crestfallen! To this day my cheeks burn when I think of it."

All the women laughed gently, sympathetically, over their tea.

"And it wasn't as if you hadn't been well dressed yourself," one said. "No," said the ambassador's wife, "I had on a new Paquin."

"Once, in Monte Carlo," said a widow, "a girl asked me at Ciro's who made the coat-suit I was wearing, and her question delighted me. It was a tribute to me and my dressmaker both. I was but too glad to give that pretty girl all the information she desired."

"In Paris," said an heiress, "the leading dressmakers send their mannequins, or girl models, to the races, to fashionable hotels, and to the promenade in the Bois and the Rue de la Paix. This is in order that women may ask these girls where they got their lovely frocks. Frenchwomen, you see, don't mind asking one another that."

"The French are so intelligent," said a lady novelist.

Then, after a pause, the original speaker said:

"I've often wanted to ask strange women where they got their clothes, and my husband has often wanted to ask strange men where they got theirs. Neither of us has ever dared, though. Yet we've been asked ourselves, and tremendously flattered, we've replied politely. My solution of the problem is this: Intelligent persons, like the French, are pleased when the question is asked them, and therefore, if you are sure your strangers are intelligent, don't hesitate; but, if your strangers are unintelligent—snobs or pseudo-aristocrats—then, beware, for, no matter how deeply pleased at the question they may be at heart, they will snub you horribly, and you will walk off as ashamed as though you had been caught trying to pick a pocket."

Books With Uncut Leaves.

In this country, and Germany the practice of publishing books and magazines with uncut leaves has largely fallen into disuse, but it is still common in France, where its prevalence provides a disservice to author with a cause for grumbling. In "La Grande Revue" among other hindrances to the reading habit which is so much in need of encouragement, at any rate from the author's point of view, he instances the practice of publishing books with uncut edges.

Time, he says, is growing more valuable every year and yet the reader of a French volume of average proportions has to spend about twenty minutes in the pettifoggery work of cutting the leaves in order to get at the contents. Some people of course who take their reading in leisurely fashion rather like being checked by the need for using a paper knife, but the ordinary reader does not want to be bothered in this way. He likes to go straight ahead without being compelled to cut his way through the book as he proceeds.—Westminster Gazette.

Queer Form of Insurance.

Lloyd's have insured people against many strange things, but few quaint inquiries have been made than that of an undertaker, who asked the other day at what price underwriters would relieve him of any liability from shocks caused to private people by his coffins being taken to the wrong houses at night.

Underwriters did not feel themselves competent to quote a premium offhand, but expressed their willingness to consider the proposition provided details were supplied, such as the annual turnover, the number of such shocks known to have been given and their severity.

She'll Be Caught Sometime.

Siftins—is there any truth in the report that Bank's wife suffers from kleptomania?

Timkins—No; I think not. I understand it is the shopkeepers who suffer.—Stray Stories.

Unselfish Wisdom Demanded.

"A man should attend strictly to his own business."

"Maybe so. But that policy would never enable him to cut much of a figure in the state legislature."

WIFE'S PLAN DID NOT FAIL

Hubby Shelled Out Promptly When He Realized Who Wrote the Letter to Her.

Here is a little scheme which a wife tried on a good—but rather tight—husband when she wanted a particular something for Christmas, which is commended to wives of a like mind. One night when he was comfortably seated after dinner smoking his pipe, she brought out a bundle of papers and said she had hesitated for a long time whether or not to read him some letters she had received. He picked up his pipe, seemed interested and she took the rubber band from the package, telling him he must promise not to ask who the writer was until she had finished, and then not to go gunning for her correspondent. He promised, with curiosity at boiling point, and she began to read:

"My own darling," she began, "I think of you all day and dream of you by night. Whenever I go you are with me, and I live for you alone. The other night when I discovered that you loved me—" at this point husband's pipe went out and he sat up very straight.

"What?" he said, rising with a red face, "who the—"

"Now," said his wife, "you promised to wait until the end, to be quiet until I had finished." "But—" said her husband. She continued to read, "your eyes are my sun, your mouth is the mouth of dreams, your lips—"

"Well, I'll be—" said her husband, furiously.

"I dream of a day when you'll be mine and mine alone," read on his wife calmly, "and I long for the day when I can call you—"

"Stop that!" shrieked the irate husband. "Who wrote that rot? Just let me get my hands on him—"

"You've got your hands on him now, dear," said his wife, sweetly, "you wrote these letters when we were engaged." He sat down and lighted his pipe.

"What did you say you wanted for Christmas?" he asked.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Insanity Not Inherited.

"Most persons think that insanity may be directly inherited," says Homer Folks in the State Charities Bulletin. "This belief is undoubtedly wrong. One may inherit a greater or less tendency toward insanity. Mental instability may be inherited, just as weak constitutions may be inherited. Those who have reason to believe that some of their ancestors suffered from mental troubles need not be unduly alarmed, for this fact does not make it certain that they will suffer likewise. These tendencies toward insanity may lie dormant during the whole lives of the individuals. But such persons should take the proper precautions to prevent the development of this tendency. As a weak constitution may be built up by healthy habits, so may mental instability be made stable by good mental and physical habits. The individual whose family has had mental trouble may often escape the disease by proper surroundings, healthful and temperate activities, and proper mental and physical habits. The most important fact in heredity is that the vast majority of ancestors of every individual were normal. Heredity tends, therefore, rather more strongly toward health than disease."

Jays of Litigation.

Another case illustrative of the old saying that some men take real delight in "going to law" is before the court of an interior county of Pennsylvania. And as so often happens in such litigations, it began in a quarrel about a cow.

The cow wandered into a field of growing wheat and ate her fill. The owner of the field sued the owner of the cow for damages, which probably would have been fully covered by a verdict of \$10. But the owner of the cow, with a reputation as a "fighter" to maintain, brought a cross suit, and that started a war which has raged ever since. It began more than five years ago, and in that time there have been half a dozen different suits over the affair, including one for false arrest and one for slander. The litigants have already paid upward of \$1,000 and as much more for counsel fees, and as both parties are men of means the controversy is scheduled for a long run. The cow whose stolen lunch started it all is dead.

Hooked Perfect.

A few nights ago an old family friend was calling at the apartment of Gen. George Pennington Borden, U. S. A., retired. The general and his friends were conversing on military tactics when Mrs. Borden entered the room and with the brief explanation, after greeting the guest, "Maid busy," indicated to the majestic warrior that he was to fasten those two buttons at the back of her blouse which defy the most agile feminine contortions. Meekly the veteran arose, murmuring, "How are the mighty fallen! What rights are left to men when a brigadier general of the United States army must button a blouse in the back? How can I pose as a military tactician when I can be driven into a corner by a simple wile of a feminine hand?"

Despite his wail, the struggle was soon over, and the gallant soldier was rewarded with the information: "You did that very well."

"Thank you, my dear," said the general mournfully, "I am glad to have my humble talents recognized."

NAMING THE STATES

ORIGIN OF RHODE ISLAND HAS BEEN A PUZZLE.

Pennsylvania Was Not Named for William Penn, Its Founder, But for His Father, the Then Famous Admiral.

Some curious information has been collected by the antiquaries concerning the origin of the names of certain of our states. Of Massachusetts, for instance, it is said that when John Smith explored the coast of New England in 1614 he found the shores of this state inhabited by a tribe of Indians called the Massachusetts. The word means "near the great hills," being composed of "massa," great, "wadchuanah," hills, and "et," near. Thus the name in the Indian tongue was "Massa-Wadchuanah-et," to which the first explorers added an "s" to make it plural, and shortened the name to its present form.

The origin of Rhode Island has been a puzzle to historians. Some writers tell us the name is a corruption of the Dutch words Rhode Eyaand, signifying Red Island, given to it by the Dutch discoverers because its shores presented a red appearance. But they do not present a red appearance.

Others, with more probability, have traced the name to Road Island, meaning the island near the roadstead. Competent authorities have doubted the correctness of this explanation, because there is no piece of water near by which sailors would naturally call a roadstead. We should not know where to find a good "riding" in the sailor's sense of the term, without running into Narragansett bay. The favorite derivation at present is more simple. One of the leading settlers of Newport was a man named Rhodes, and the island was probably named after him, perhaps in jest, perhaps in compliment. The original order fixing the island of Newport, dated 1644, decreed that the name should be "The Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island." The same appellation was afterward applied to the state, of which Newport was a part.

Connecticut, a name so baffling to foreigners, is Indian, and means "land on a long tidal river." The Indian form of it is Quin-neh-tukquet. In some of the early records it is spelled Quinetuckquet. The most curious thing about the name of Pennsylvania is that it was not derived from the founder of the state, William Penn. It is WILLIAM Penn himself who records the fact:

"This day (January 5, 1681) my country was confirmed to me by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king (Charles II.) would give it in honor of my father." Penn wished to call the region New Wales, but the king persisted in naming it after Admiral Penn, then a man of far greater renown than his son, the Quaker, whose effigy surmounts the city hall in Philadelphia.

It is the opinion of many authorities that the Indian word Kentuckee did not signify "dark and bloody battle-ground," as many have supposed. They incline to the belief that the word means "at the head of a river," and that it was used to designate the place where the Indians gathered previous to migration southward. This spot was near the source of the Kentucky river. The best conjecture as to the origin of the name Tennessee is that it comes from Tanassas, the name of an Indian chief whose tribe was settled upon one of the branches of the Tennessee river. This, however, is disputed. In the names of our states several languages are represented, the English, the French, the Indian, the Spanish and the Latin.

Great Singer's Generosity.

Among the stories told by Arthur Poupin of Marlbran, the great singer, is one of her stay in Venice. She was to give six performances at one theater there, when Gallo, the director of the Teatro Emeronite, being on the eve of bankruptcy, begged her to give two at his theater, promising her \$120 for each. She consented, but when Gallo went to take her the second payment, he entered saying: "Here is the sum we agreed on." "What sum?" she replied with an air of surprise. "Oh, the \$120 for yesterday's performance." "I don't want your money. Take it all away and spend it on your children. You shall kiss me and we'll be quits." Did this good fellow believe his ears? His two performances had brought him in \$240 in round figures, and had saved him from bankruptcy, and to crown his joy, he kissed Mme. Marlbran. This magnanimity to a poor Venetian was received publicly by a frantic ovation, and crystallized in verse, while the theater was renamed Marlbran.

Knew One of Them.

Gadabout was boasting of his extensive acquaintance. No celebrity could be mentioned unknown to him. He was intimately acquainted with all of them. Finally Dobson inquired:

"Did you ever happen to meet the Siamese twins?" Gadabout reflected a moment and then said:

"Well, I am not quite sure that I met both of them, but I knew one of them, very well."

Looking for the Worst.

"Bliggins is a confirmed pessimist." "Yes. The only time he feels sure of seeing any sunshine in life is ground hog day."

Thermometer Detects Icebergs.

The method hitherto generally in use of taking water temperatures on transatlantic liners to guard against the approach of icebergs has been to tip water up out of the sea and take its temperature as quickly as possible. By this method continuous measurements cannot be taken, but a micro-thermometer has now been invented by a professor of McGill university, which, with an instrument similar in action to the oscillograph attached, records the slightest changes in temperature by drawing a continuous curve. The thermometer indicates exceedingly fine differences in temperature by means of the variations in the resistance of a coil of wire, these variations serving to indicate the changes of temperature of the medium in which the instrument is immersed. The coil consists of 250 feet of pure iron, silk-covered wire, wound on a copper cylinder. If an iceberg is large it may be detected many miles away by the coolness it causes in the water.

The Doctor's Fault.

Miss Hodge was sending in the care of a friend who was laid up with the grip. After the doctor's visit she announced with a deprecatory shake of the head:

"I don't like that doctor of yours at all."

"Doctor Attleson is a charming man and an excellent physician," responded the friend. "Why don't you like him?"

"Well," said Miss Hodge, "I didn't like the way he entered your room, for one thing—actually smiling and you down with the grip!"

"He's always cheery. I like—"

"He may be a good doctor. I admit he has a keen eye," interrupted Miss Hodge, "but he is certainly not a gentleman. Why, do you know, when he was leaving the house he actually picked up his hat and put it on his head before putting on his coat!"

American Manners.

Frederick Townsend Martin, at a dinner in New York, criticized American manners wittily.

"Kipling," he said, "declares truly that a gentleman has manner, while a would-be gentleman has manners. We should remember that. We lay too much stress on such details as taking off our hats when we go up in the elevator with a scrubwoman."

"In fact, in everything, we seem to search too uneasily for the correct, the modish, course. A society editor told me the other day that he had just got a letter from a young woman that ran:

"Dear Editor—Please state who should keep up the instillments on the ring when the engagement is broken off."

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E. W. STRONG

UNESSENTIALS

By MAUD J. PERKINS

"Truth is stranger—I won't finish that; it's banal. But it's the only thing that fits the case."

Nora Melbright resumed the study of two letters that had come by the morning's post. One was from DeLancey Crane, the sculptor, the other from John Withington, manufacturer. Each was a proposal of marriage.

The two men were to be over-Christmas guests at her brother-in-law's home and each had asked for a sign on Christmas eve to indicate whether he had been accepted or rejected.

"It's positively uncanny," mused Miss Melbright, "that both of them should be struck by the same idea at the same instant. Here we are, an hour from the city. DeLancey could have run down and stated his case—though I don't know what I'd said if he had. And Jack Withington lives here in Brookhurst. He's been away for a few days, but he could have asked me any time within the past three months."

They were, if not remarkable men, at least above the herd. Grial had called DeLancey Crane "the most promising American sculptor." For the past two years he had been making great strides in his art. Success had not spoiled him in the ordinary sense of the term, but, she sighed, if he were only not so fond of money! If only he cared more for sculpture and less for what it brought him!

There were excuses for him. He had never, until now, known anything but poverty. He had scrimped and toiled for his high school education, economized to the last penny to make his way through college, and had starved for his art education in Paris. Could he be blamed for seeing only motor cars and country houses in each block of marble?

And Jack Withington—if only he were not so clumsy! His rare forays into society were agonizing to Withington and embarrassing to his friends. An irrepressible smile curved her lips at the memory of Withington's last martyrdom.

It was at Mrs. Millster's—"Mrs. Millster's," they had privately called her. The lady was exhibiting a vase



The Withington went bail and got him out.

she had picked up abroad, and of which she was very proud. One after another examined it with murmured compliments for Mrs. Millster's taste until it reached Withington. Somehow it slipped through his fingers and tinkled musically into hundreds of pieces on the polished floor.

She recalled the misery on Jack's face, and the horror "It is of no consequence," more cutting than a dagger-thrust, from the outraged Mrs. Millster.

"If it weren't for Jack's clumsiness," said Nora.

Of the two young men, Withington was most in her mind during the week that followed—the week before Christmas. His deeds spoke for him, as she made her charity calls.

There was the case of the Biggles. The husband and father, a droopy, discouraged young man, seemed always out of work. It had been, for some time, Nora's unvoluntary duty to provide them a Christmas dinner.

This year, however, the house was swept and garlanded, and Mrs. Biggs was singing to the baby. "Abner's at work," she proudly informed Nora. "He's at Mr. Withington's factory and likes it ever so much. Mr. Withington told him not to worry about Christmas, because he always gives his men a basket with turkey and things. Oh, we'll have a fine Christmas dinner this year!" she exclaimed.

Nora braced herself for the next call—on old Mrs. Slovak, whose son Benny was oftener in trouble than out. Today, however, the youngster, known to the police as "Benny the Rat," was absorbing gratefully the heat of his mother's kitchen.

"Wuf, Mrs. Slovak!" cried Nora in glad surprise. "I thought Benny was—"

"To jail!" completed the woman in her broken English. "He was. But last night Mr. Withington sent bail and got him out."

"The Hat" himself, whose furtive eyes harbored most frequently fear for the just of stealing looked up briefly with quite a new expression. "He's a good guy!" he said.

"The Gang" gathered the day before Christmas for its annual frolic. There were Sam Wallace, the illustrator, DeLancey Crane, Withington, the Cameron girls, Mr. and Mrs. Tom

my Mullans. This year they were guests of the Catlins and Nora at Brookhurst.

Christmas eve was the big time; things happened—so satisfying them. First, there was the joy of arriving; then the noble dinner and the Christmas tree—not to mention "The Jinx."

"The Jinx" was the big feature of the reunion. It was a peculiar institution, taking a different form each year. It might be a song, set to a popular air, a poem or a satirical story, or even a painting. But it always must be clever and illustrate the follies of some member of the group.

Nora's secret misgivings proved groundless. She had dreaded the coming of Christmas eve. She feared the two young men would watch her foolishly for sign or token.

DeLancey Crane had been elected to manufacture "The Jinx," and there was keen anticipation when dinner had been cleared away and a brown paper parcel placed before him. With a mischievous smile he cut the cords, stripped off the paper and pushed "The Jinx" forward into public view.

There was an immediate shout of appreciation and laughter. "The Jinx" was a wooden figure about a foot in height, beautifully carved. It was a likeness of Jack Withington—a likeness so patent as to be instantly discernible. There was a smile on his face and his hands were outstretched.

Below, suspended in midair on a wire all but invisible, was the falling vase of "Mrs. Millionbucks."

The little statue passed from hand to hand amidst delighted comment.

"That's just the way you looked, Jack!" cried Tommy Mullans.

"Really, DeLancey, it's a splendid piece of work," said Mrs. Catlin, admiringly.

"It's a wonder he hasn't sold it for a thousand dollars!" contributed Wallace, and they laughed at Crane's expense. He laughed, too, good-naturedly enough, for he made no secret of his determination to secure from art the last cent it would yield.

Nellie Cameron was shy, herself; she knew the tortures of shyness. None but she and Nora saw the pain back of Jack Withington's smile as he balanced the manikin in his palm.

"Really, DeLancey," she said, sharply, "you put too much emphasis on unessential."

"A Danielle's come to judgment," grinned Crane. "Meaning the vase, I presume?"

"Yes—that's just what I mean! It would be perfectly lovely without that old thing tumbling down there."

"Why," shouted Crane, "the vase is its excuse for being! Without that, you little simpleton, it wouldn't be a Jinx!"

That was it, thought Nora: "Putting too much emphasis on unessential!" They were all doing that; she had been doing it until Nellie's inspired sentence lighted her path like a lightning flash.

DeLancey Crane was putting too much emphasis on the unessential of money. She had been putting too much emphasis on the unessential of Withington's clumsiness and unease. She had permitted it to blind her to the fact that he was a kind-hearted, generous gentleman—and that she loved him.

The manikin came to her, amidst a little hush. "I agree with you, Nellie," she smiled. "Let us forget the unessential."

With deft fingers she twisted free the wire and vase, and tossed them into the grate.

The statue stood alone—Withington at his best, as he appeared tonight, as he appeared always among his friends—dignified, friendly, and companionable.

—And both men had their answer.

Fairness in Fishing.

Between men who fish for fish and those who fish for sport there is an irreconcilable difference. The former is merely a killer, while the latter is a chivalric adversary who pits his skill with rod and reel against the strength of the fish under conditions which give the latter a fair chance for his life.

Anglers of both of these general classes figure numerously among the visitors to the great national park of the Yosemite. The fish-killers appear to have predominated, however, and their greed has persuaded the government to modify the park regulations relating to fishing. Heretofore a visitor was permitted to take a maximum of 50 fish a day from the waters of the park, but it has been ordered that henceforth the daily limit for an angler shall be 20 fish.

A most commendable order. The fish in the Yosemite are large and full of fight and 20 a day are enough for any right-minded sportsman.

The issue.

They were at dinner and the duties were on the table.

"Will you take tart or pudding, asked Tommy's papa."

"Tart," said Tommy promptly.

His father sighed as he recalled the many lessons on manners he had given the boy.

"Tart, what?" he queried kindly.

But Tommy's eyes were glued on the pastry.

"Tart, what?" asked the father again sharply this time.

"Tart first," answered Tommy triumphantly.—Cleveland Press.

Race Suicide.

Squirrel—You seem to have a very small family this year, Mother Clucks.

Mother Clucks—At the present price of eggs it's too expensive to raise a large family.—Judge.

WATER OF A GALLON.

Gold Sublimed From a Spring on Punxsutawney Farm.

The following important if true tale comes in the form of a dispatch from Punxsutawney and is going the rounds:

The people of Punxsutawney have just discovered that for years they have been drinking water worth six dollars a gallon, says the New York Journal. In other words, every full glass of water—and Punxsutawney has a water-loving public—they drank had a marketable value of twenty-nine cents. And not through any medical properties, either.

Dr. C. W. Wise, a well-known dentist, some days ago discovered that the water was laden with minerals. He had a sample analyzed with the result that the report has been received that to each gallon of water there is gold to the value of six dollars.

The water comes from a well on the farm of David Swoops. The well is a favorite place for Punxsutawneys to congregate at night to see just how much they could drink. Until Dr. Wise made the discovery the residents knew that the water contained some medicinal properties and that no amount of it would harm a person.

Since the Wise discovery several attempts have been made to trace the gold to its source, but all attempts have been unsuccessful.

Tribute to Amazons.

The magnificent example of the women of Dahomey should be made widely known wherever their more civilized sisters are to be found struggling for their rights. Frederick Martyn of the French foreign legion, who fought in the recent Dahomey campaign, tells us emphatically that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." The Senegalese traitors were attacked by the Amazons, and Mr. Martyn says that "any one inclined to sympathize with the Amazons on account of their sex and to look upon the combat between them and our men as unequal, may take it from me that their sympathy would be misplaced. These young women were far and away the best men in the Dahomeyan army, and woman to man were quite a match for any of us. They fought like unchained demons, and it driven into a corner, did not disdain to use their teeth and nails." It may be an error of policy to make these facts known, and thus to stimulate a militancy already vigorous enough.

Unseen Universe.

In the vicinity of the star S. Corone Australis Innes and Worsell have found a patch of sky 25 minutes of arc in diameter where no star can be seen with a 9-inch refracting telescope.

According to Innes, who discusses the subject in "Transvaal Observatory Circular No. 5," the apparent absence of stars in this region is due to the occurrence of some absorbing medium, interposed between us and distant parts of the universe.

Stars in the neighborhood of the dark region are enveloped in nebulae; while just on the border of it there is a star which has been observed to fluctuate in magnitude between 11.0 and 12.2, and which was invisible during the years 1899-1901.

The latter fact is accounted for on the supposition that the absorbing medium was for a time in front of the star, but has since withdrawn from it.

Supplanting Mr. Howells.

Prof. Brander Matthews, at a dinner in New York, said of literary criticism:

"A good deal of it, too, is biased. A good deal of it is like Mr. Walton's daughter, a college girl, wrote, at the age of 18, a novel which her father brought out for her at his own expense."

"During the Christmas holidays Mr. Walton gave a party in his daughter's honor, and at this party the young girl read from an improvised platform chapters out of her book."

"Her fond old father was carried away by the reading. So tremendous indeed did his admiration for his daughter's talent enkindle him that, as the girl read on, the old man could be heard muttering over and over: 'Howells be hanged! Howells be hanged!'"

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smithport, Pa., for the week ending May 25th, 1912:

Fox, Roy
Franklin, Mrs. F. M.
Richards, Merrill.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

Of The Hamilton Bank & Trust Company, of Smithport, Pa., State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, May 3, 1912.

Resources.

Reserve Fund:	
Cash, Specie and Notes	\$10241 50
Due from Approved Reserve Agents	48529 56
Loans secured at par	42900 00
Stocks and bonds	113402 36
Checks and cash items	203 61
Due from Banks and Trust Companies	223 61
Commercial paper purchased: Up on two or more names	10355 4
Same upon call with collateral	3479 9
Loans secured by bonds	212723 8

Mortgages	10247 00
Loans without collateral	17653 19
Due from State of Pa.	24319 19
Mortgages and judgments of record	17425 21
Real estate	15485 23
Overdrafts	2614 53
Other assets not included in above	7740 00
Book value of reserve securities above par	1115 90
Total	\$818493 24

Liabilities.	
Capital stock paid in	\$200000 00
Surplus fund	100000 00
Unprovided for loss expenses	44028 21
Unpaid dividends	22425 75
Individual deposits subject to check (Exclusive of trust funds and savings)	226710 14
Time certificates of deposit	20000 00
Deposits, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania	20000 00
Treasurer's and Certified checks outstanding	1425 18
Total	\$818493 23

Corporate Trusts.

Total amount (i. e. face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust mortgages executed by Cor. & Co. to the Company as Trustee to secure issues of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts \$50000 00 || State of Penna., County of McKean, ss: I, Ralph E. Burdick, Treasurer of said Company, do hereby certify that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. | |
(Signed) RALPH E. BURDICK,	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of May, 1912.	
(Signed) HALLIE WALKER,	
Notary Public.	
Correct—Attest:	
(Signed) CHARLES MCKEAN,	
(Signed) FRED D. GALLUP,	
(Signed) E. H. RED FELD,	
Directors.	

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Irene Roberts vs. Charles W. Roberts.

No. 85, December Term, 1911. MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Irene Roberts, did on the 11th day of November, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said County of McKean, for said County, praying that she be decreed a divorce from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you; Charles W. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles W. Roberts, to appear in person before our Judges at Smithport, at a court of said County in said County, on the 1st Monday of June, next, to answer the petition or libel of Irene Roberts, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Charles W. Roberts should not be decreed a divorce from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Henry & Hubbard, Libellant's Attys.
Smithport, Pa., May 6, 1912.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of summary writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smithport, on

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1912.

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1. Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on the east side of the Erie Railroad Company leading from Bradford to Tarporet, and at a point three hundred and fifty (350) feet north from the intersection of the north side of Mill street and the east side of said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company; thence east by line parallel to said Mill street, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post; thence north by line parallel to the right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to a post; thence west, by line parallel to first mentioned line, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post on the east line of the right of way of said Erie Railroad Company; thence south by said right of way of the Erie Railroad Company two hundred and fifty (250) feet to a post; thence west, by line parallel to first mentioned line, one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post on the east line of the right of way of said Erie Railroad Company; 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